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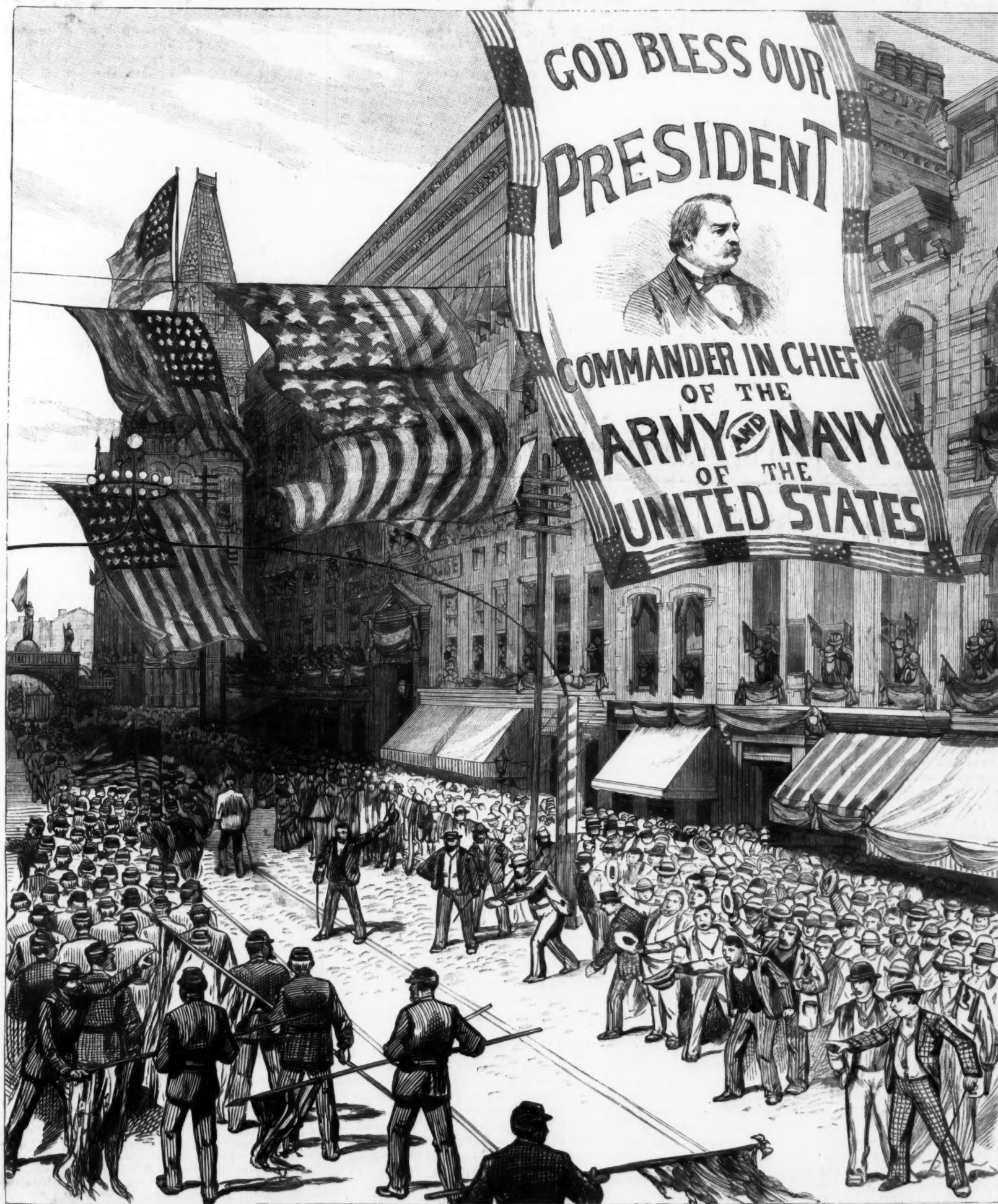


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WEST VIRGINIA.—THE BANNER INCIDENT AT WHEELING, ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT GRAND ARMY PARADE—VETERANS SWERVING FROM THE LINE OF MARCH TO AVOID PASSING BENEATH PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S PORTRAIT.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 59.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

ALTRUISM OR SOCIALISM?

THE Anti-Poverty Society and other movements of a kindred nature have this fallacy for their cornerstone—the notion that the rich view with distrust any attempt to change the social status of the poor, as a class, and that therefore any such attempt has to reckon with the antagonism of the more favored class, and is, indeed, only to be accomplished at its expense. This notion, sedulously fostered not only by professional agitators, but by more scrupulous though mistaken reformers, is quite untrue in fact, and utterly mischievous in its effects.

As a matter of fact, there has never been a time, since the close of the Apostolic Age, when Altruism was more clearly the moving impulse of intelligent, prosperous men and women, than the present time. Whether Christian believers, Jews, Agnostics, or others, men are everywhere realizing that they are their brothers' keepers, and they are everywhere acting on that conviction. Not to mention People's Palaces and gigantic trusts, in England and America and on the Continent of Europe, for the education, the elevation and the comforting of the people; not to mention that wide special interest in the subject of the mutual duties of humanity, which crowds prison congresses and conferences of charities, and fills the pages of popular periodical literature with discussions of the subject in all the varied lights cast upon it by the brightest thinking and the most careful experiment; not to mention such names as Peter Cooper and the Earl of Shaftesbury and Octavia Hill, and William Hogg—who, as a single one of his services to the poor of East London, carries on, at his own expense, a polytechnic school, in which ten thousand boys are learning trades—the roll of humbler services of humbler men and women who to-day are either living entirely for the helping of humanity, or devoting their leisure to personal service of their less fortunate fellows, is simply countless. While demagogues and agitators are noisily advocating the despoiling of the rich for the enriching of the poor, these are going quietly on their way, helping the helpless into self-help, rescuing the endangered, visiting the sick, teaching the ignorant, carrying comfort and hope to the forlorn and hopeless, devoting their education and their intelligence to the solution of those problems which ignorance and unthrift and despair have shut up beyond the power of mere money to unlock.

The Universities' Mission of London, which in Toynbee Hall has brought the light and sweetness of University culture into the very heart of the East End of London, has been made known to American readers through the pages of one of our leading magazines. It is not so well known that in New York city a much humbler but not less fundamental work is carried on by a number of young men, graduates of colleges, students or instructors in law and divinity, who have organized popular clubs, and give lectures on social and political subjects in the very lowest quarters of the city. One of their number, a Ph.D. of a German University, and a man of wide culture, is living in the tenement-house district, in hourly contact with these people, devoting his brilliant talents especially to the work of uplifting the street-boys of the neighborhood, gathering them into clubs of their own, making certain hours of the week bright for them, and enlisting them—them also—in altruistic work, in efforts to benefit other boys less fortunate than themselves.

Facts like these ought to be made known, since the clamors of Socialism have so wide a hearing. The world has many unfortunates; there are many mean, grasping, brutal men in it; Labor is often oppressed, Capital is often unjust; but it is not true that the rich as a class are unmindful of the poor; it is not true that the poverty of the poor is an outgrowth of the wealth or the selfishness of the rich. And as between the two methods, Socialism and Altruism, which is to bring about the social renovation of the world, there is no room for doubt.

TRUE STORY OF THE UTE "REBELLION."

SOME eight years since the Ute Indians were driven at the point of the bayonet from their homes in Western and Southern Colorado, which were coveted by greedy settlers, to a reservation in Southern Utah. Their naturally warlike tendencies were scarcely to be bettered by such treatment, by the usual course of broken promises on the part of the Government, and by the idle and demoralizing life of a reservation. We are not making a special plea for these Indians, who in the past have committed gross crimes. They were guilty of the Meeker massacre, which, however, was precipitated by tactless treatment; and of the killing of Colonel Thornburgh, and an attack upon his command which nearly caused its annihilation. In this attack Colorow had part, and he and others should have been promptly and sharply punished then. But, with characteristically misplaced leniency, the Government recalled General Merritt from the pursuit, and then the

Utes were allowed to return to the reservation. Their deportation from their homes, the continuance of the reservation system, and the failure to make them feel the power of the Government, were grave blunders. But the misdeeds of the Utes eight years since are not offered in palliation of the recent attack upon them. Since that time Colorow and the others have been at peace, and have even acquired property. Colorow and his associates had never consented to be deprived of their homes, and under a former treaty they claimed the right to hunt and to pasture their herds in Western Colorado. The secret of the recent "outbreak" lies in the objection of white settlers to any use of the land by this handful of Indians, and also to the desire of the settlers to bring troops into the country in order to make a market. As an evidently reliable private letter says: "The settlers in that part of Colorado have little money. Troops bring money. Therefore they wanted troops." General Crook and other officers of the regular army had had too much experience to be deceived by this familiar scheme. The responsibility for the "outbreak" rests, not upon army officers, but upon local and State authorities.

The pretext for aggression was, according to one account, that two or three Indians had stolen horses which it has been subsequently said they had won from whites in bets. Moreover, it is explicitly stated that the whites had stolen fifty horses to the Indians' one, and had gone unpunished. According to another account, some of the Indians were charged with violating game laws, an accusation almost laughable, considering the place and circumstances. But indictments were found, and a local sheriff, named Kendall, gathered a gang of cowboys and undertook to make arrests. The Indians, who are supposed to be "wards of the Government," are unable to understand divisions of authority. They comprehend authority representing the Washington Government. But when they found themselves pursued by a gang whose members they knew to be their enemies, whose authority they did not recognize, it is not strange that they betook themselves to flight. Then the cry was raised that the Utes were on the war-path, their extermination was demanded, and militia were sent to the "field of action," while the facts in the case were simply that poor old Colorow and a baker's dozen of Utes were trying to keep out of the way of a lot of cowboys who were spoiling for a fight. For nearly a fortnight this sort of thing continued, and the Ute "rebellion" assumed dreadful proportions in the Western dispatches, although the only bloodshed appeared to be the reported murder of Chequita, the aged widow of Ouray, the former Chief, by some of Sheriff Kendall's followers. Meantime Colorow had begged for a conference with some one representing the authority of the Government, and had asked to be allowed to return to the reservation. But this would have ended the "rebellion" too speedily, and the doughty sheriff and the militia were bent on war. At last they succeeded in attacking the Utes. This was heralded as a "battle," but apparently only one or two white men were killed, as against eight or ten Indians. Either at this or a subsequent assault, Colorow and his followers were assured by Major Leslie, of the Colorado militia, that they would be allowed to go back to the reservation. Then, while the Indians were unprepared, the cowboys and militia fired upon them. This shameful act of treachery was in keeping with the whole affair. It happened, moreover, on the very edge of the reservation to which Colorow was making his way as fast as possible. Colorow is now on the reservation. The agent states that these Indians were on a peaceful hunting expedition when they were attacked. Major Randlett telegraphs that "Colorow has not been on the war-path, and has made his way to the reservation, avoiding hostilities as far as possible." Fifteen of these Indians have been murdered without cause, and sixteen more will die. Major Leslie, the militia and the cowboys have taken possession of hundreds of Indian horses, and thousands of their sheep and goats, which were grazing on land claimed by the Indians, and where they have been permitted by their agent to feed their stock. The only result not to be regretted is that the authorities of Colorado have incurred an expense estimated at \$200,000.

Such is the true story of the Ute "rebellion," as nearly as it can be gathered from a careful comparison of the various accounts. The root of these troubles lies in the fact that the Indians are not yet given individual, permanent and unassailable rights. The reservation system must be replaced by ownership of land in severalty, and substantial protection against injustice, if such outrages are to be avoided.

"TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER."

TWO recent decisions by judges have been so essentially unpopular as to call forth an uncommon amount of acrimonious criticism. When Judge Potter granted the stay of proceedings in the Sharp case, his action undoubtedly injured the effect of the conviction of this wealthy criminal and revived that cynical distrust of justice which expects one law for the rich and another for the poor. In overruling the decision of a judge so experienced, honorable and impartial as Judge Barrett, the Whitehall judge incurred a serious responsibility. Nevertheless he granted this stay upon certain points of law which laymen are not competent to settle. It is true that many lawyers of good repute have expressed the opinion

that the grounds for Judge Potter's action were insufficient; but these questions are to be tried in court, where, we have no doubt, Judge Barrett will be sustained. Meantime it seems to have been forgotten that, under our method of procedure, Judge Potter was acting entirely within his rights. Under this method technicalities become of importance, and the criminal may be given the advantage of technicalities without passing upon the question of his guilt or innocence. Unless we are to go back to that chaotic state of society which substitutes lynch law and vigilance committees for courts and juries, criminals must be left to the action of the law, and not to popular clamor nor newspaper trial.

This truism has apparently been lost sight of by a portion of the daily Press. Public denunciation of a judge day after day is not many steps removed from actual physical intimidation. When this denunciation takes the form of two or three column *exposés* of the private life of a judge, detailing his financial embarrassments and pressing need of money, with the obvious insinuation therein contained, it is apparent that such a course puts a premium upon judicial subservience to newspaper opinion. It would have been more manly, at least, to have openly invited a libel suit and full investigation by boldly charging bribery or political influence. But the main point is that the judge is only acting under the law, perhaps mistakenly, but yet legally, and it is for the higher courts to pass upon this action. The newspapers are not the final tribunal in the Sharp case, nor in the case of Senator Stanford. Justice Field of the Supreme Court has decided that Senator Stanford is not obliged to answer the questions of the Pacific Railway Commission regarding the use of money to influence legislation. This decision, based upon Supreme Court decisions in the Hallet Kilbourn case and another, is naturally questioned, since Senator Stanford's case is not a criminal one, nor is it a matter of private business, since the Pacific Railways owe their existence to the Government, and the latter has unpaid claims upon them. A decision which seems to make these beneficiaries of the Government superior to the Government is so foreign to the ideas of the average layman, that dissent has sought explanation in Justice Field's close personal and other relations with the class of monopolists represented by Senator Stanford. One newspaper formally overrules the decision in true judicial style. Now, this decision is to be regretted, but it does not furnish a reason for the intimidation implied in attributing unworthy motives to judges acting within the law, nor does it prove that the functions of the judiciary should be discharged by editors.

The point of attack in the Sharp matter is really our clumsy and complicated method of procedure, which allows the criminal so many chances to postpone his punishment or escape through the merest technicalities. In England the method is much simpler. There is practically but one appeal—the appeal to the Crown. Here, what with courts of appeal, judgments on exceptions, stays of proceedings, etc., the final punishment of a rich criminal is a tedious and costly proceeding. There is a chance here for reform. Let us have more justice and less law. We have no doubt that Judge Potter, in his private capacity as a man and citizen, believes that Sharp is guilty, and deserves punishment; but he has probably felt himself obliged to give full weight to all legal technicalities. Thus the form of the law defeats its purpose. In the Stanford case, Congress may yet bear a hand, and the subterranean workings of the Pacific Railway magnates should be thoroughly exposed. In both cases present protection has been found behind legal technicalities; but perhaps the comparison cannot be pushed further, for Sharp is tolerably certain of prison if he lives. But charges brought in the courts must be settled there, and not in the newspapers, unless we are to go back to the custom of irresponsible denunciation which prevailed in the French Revolution.

THE MARRIAGE INDUSTRY IN CAMDEN.

FOR the past two years, under the provisions of the Pennsylvania Marriage License Law, young men with matrimonial aspirations in the Quaker State have labored under extraordinary difficulties. In order to win a wife it has been necessary for them to gain not only the consent of the lady and her parents, but also that of the municipal authorities of their town or city; and that was to be obtained only by an outlay of cash. From time immemorial it has been incumbent upon candidates for husbandhood to secure two things before entering upon the married state—namely, the consent of the lady and the approval of the parents. True, there have been bridegrooms who dispensed with one, or even both, of these things. The historic experience of the Sabine women, for instance, is proof that willingness on the bride's part is not always essential to a happy matrimonial alliance, and we have only to read the daily papers to be convinced that parental wishes frequently avail nothing when opposed to those of the daughter and the daughter's father's coachman. But despite ancient and modern instances to the contrary, the fact remains that these two obstacles, so arbitrarily placed by society in the way of would-be bridegrooms, must be conscientiously met and disposed of by them. This is an undertaking sufficiently difficult in itself. Any added hindrance imposed by law becomes absolutely unbearable. Individuals who at some remote period in their lives have been bridegrooms are always ready to admit that these obstacles seemed very great to them then, and they even now regard them as all out of proportion to the result obtained by their removal, while to the man who is contemplating marriage they appear stupendous and altogether harassing.

In view of these facts, the hard position in which the marriageable men of Pennsylvania have been placed by the enforcement of the Marriage License Law is worthy of profound commiseration.

That a prospective bridegroom, perhaps after he has worked and waited for a wife, like uxorious Jacob, for twice seven years, should be obliged to pay the municipal government for the privilege of marrying her, is an example of glaring injustice. It is gratifying to note here in parenthesis that New York State pursues no such mistaken policy. Marriages are made (and dissolved) here with ease and dispatch. Premiums are offered by State Fair Committees to couples who will consent to be publicly married on the fair-grounds, and scientific child-rearing is encouraged in the same way by prizes offered for the best baby "pairs" and "three-of-a-kind." By this excellent method a community, otherwise indifferent to these two important features of our civilization, is led to take a lively interest in them, and the prizes, in many instances offered by statesmen, serve to advertise and obtain votes for the donors.

The effect of the Marriage License Law in Pennsylvania is what might have been expected. The connubially inclined males of Philadelphia have openly revolted, and are carrying on a determined boycott against marriage within the city limits. As a result, ministers of the Gospel and justices of the peace have emigrated in large numbers across the Delaware River to Camden, N. J. Into this place a spirit of business enterprise has been infused which bids fair completely to change the former character of the city. The streets are thronged daily with couples from Philadelphia and all parts of Pennsylvania who desire to get married without taking out a license. Cupids disguised as hackmen lie in wait for couples at the ferry, and offer to take them to the nearest minister of any preferred denomination, and runners signify their willingness to guide those intending to commit matrimony to the nearest justice of the peace. It would be ungenerous to assume that the ministers, judges, hackmen and runners are in collusion, but the amount of money brought into Camden by wedding parties and poured into the coffers of these four professions is simply amazing. One reverend gentleman has broken the record for marriages. He is said to have united in two years no less than 5,000 couples. The average fee paid by Pennsylvania bridegrooms is said to be six dollars per groom, and this same clergyman is reported to have received \$500 in one week in marriage fees. If these statistics are correct, the marriage industry in Camden is destined to give that city a prominent place among other business centres. The rapid growth of the trade and its large profits will attract clergymen to the city in large numbers, and, no doubt, in the competition which will follow, "cut rates" and highly ornamental styles of ceremony will prevail.

THE DEAD-BEATS.

It may be matter of surprise to some that when a special license should be required to be taken out by lawyers, doctors, brokers, hackmen and other artisans, no license fee should be required of dead-beats. It is because the dead-beat is a sort of tax *per se*, and it is deemed unconstitutional to impose a tax upon a tax! Certainly there must be between Spuyten Duyvel and the Battery fully two hundred thousand people, many of them very eloquent and accomplished persons, plying the profession of dead-beat without any authoritative recognition of their vocation either in the City Directory or the Mayor's Office. And although the practice of this profession requires as much astuteness, often, as the law, as much appearance of candor as the ministry, and as great a knowledge of human nature as running a boarding-house, nobody seems to suppose that the advantages of university education should be supplied to those who intend to enter upon it. For want of proper collegiate training and instruction a few unfortunate and less gifted dead-beats are now and then cut short in their careers and obliged to descend to the rôle of toil, or are caught in the meshes of the District Attorney and sent to the penitentiary.

Dead-beatism, however, is as distinct a profession from crime as in the English Church the position of rector is from that of a curate. There is always an element of high-souled fiction, and sometimes a power of transcendental romance, about the dead-beat, which we miss in the dull criminal or burglar. The dead-beat is a genius; he has invention. He transcends facts because illusions are more glorious as well as more profitable. Nor must we imagine for a moment that all dead-beats are poor. Not a few of them are very wealthy, and own their own brownstone fronts, ride behind their own footmen and postillions in livery, and, of course, pay their legal bills as a rule. But they are blessed with the faculty of constantly getting the property, money, life, sweat, labor, care, pains and thought of the people around them without rendering any equivalent. This constitutes them dead-beats.

But it is not in this narrow class that the interest of romance centres. People who have riches, without the grace of generosity which should naturally accompany it, cannot continuously be the subjects of thought, for the reason that the human mind, like physical nature, abhors a vacuum, and meanness is a mere moral vacuum.

The dead-beat, however, who leaves a halo of pleasing reminiscence behind him, whom we never think of afterwards without a smile, is the man or woman who in taking our money leaves us an exact equivalent for it in increase of experience, or in more subtle knowledge of the refined means nature sometimes resorts to to distribute the surplus wealth of those who have not yet cut their eye-teeth among those who have.

How many ways are there of doing this? Exactly two hundred thousand. Is there any possibility of avoiding the professional dead-beat on every occasion? As impossible as to entirely avoid mosquitoes among the charming shrubbery of a New Jersey villa. Nor is it desirable. The man who cannot learn more from a dead-beat than the money he loses is worth has never penetrated the secret value of knowledge itself.

Notice that unconscionable lummer who creeps humbly into the office of the young lawyer straining after a practice, apologizes for having been justly cast off two years ago by all his relatives for his dissipated habits, but exhibits the record of a decision just rendered, setting aside his mother's second will, under which he was disinherited, and thereby reviving the first will, made three years ago, whereby his unworthy self was made sole executor, and his sister is made executrix. Five dollars will enable him to bring this first will to the attorney, but it must be obtained by a sudden ride to Trenton or it will be destroyed. With it he will return in six hours and place the settlement of the entire estate in the attorney's hands, involving fees amounting to at least ten thousand dollars! The attorney, with upraised eyebrows, wonderingly inquires if the dead-beat is so "fresh" as to suppose that sort of story will win. He assures the dead-beat that he has heard the story twenty times before. On reflection, concluding that this is too many, he advances the dead-beat his five dollars—tells him that he has more practice than he can attend to, and could scarcely afford to give his time to the case if the story were true; but the d. b. goes away with the currency.

Then there is the extremely cultured lady, who is acquainted with all the ladies in your church, and has parted with some exquisite water-color studies among them. She produces her portfolio and sells your wife, for a paltry seven dollars, a water-color which you know is worth forty dollars. She calls again and leaves

an exquisite bunch of lilacs, worth fifteen dollars, for only two dollars. Your wife feels proud of her own bargaining dexterity, and so do you. You take pains to leave with your wife an extra hundred dollars, with the injunction to be sure that no such bargains escape her. The unknown artist calls again, and explains that the cheapness is owing to improvements in the process of production, which are as yet a secret, but very simple, and can be taught in a few lessons to the most bungling and unskillful. It really ceases to be an art, and she is under bonds never to reveal the secret for less than one thousand dollars; but a month's rent (one hundred dollars) is due to her landlord, and if she could get the one hundred dollars this very moment she would come next morning and teach the entire process in two hours. Nay, she will teach it this instant. But on searching her reticule she finds to her dismay that a portion of the instruments are at her studio. No, she will return and give it all away to-morrow morning between ten and twelve. So she gets her one hundred dollars; and on inquiry among your numerous acquaintances in the church, you learn that they also have paid the one hundred dollars, and are waiting to learn the process.

It is interesting to know that the total capacity for fiction in the world is a constant quantity. Now and then it gushes forth in a Dickens or Hugo, who runs like a 40,000-barrel oil-well in Western Pennsylvania, to the delight of all who admire genius. But anon, as at present, no great works of fiction or romance are in course of production. None but Fawcetts, Howells and such fry are running, and they are not such great bores after all. In such periods the quality of fiction is not lost. It distributes itself in smaller channels and takes on new forms of profit and romance. No small portion of it is monopolized by the wayfaring soldiers of fortune, and entertains us as we listen in mingled doubt and surprise to the interesting facts so minutely and thrillingly brought to our attention by the dead-beat.

BLUE RIBBONS AND RED NOSES.

ABOUT as many persons met in the recent State Prohibition Convention at Syracuse as had taken part on the day before in the Liquor Dealers' Procession in New York city and Brooklyn. Nine hundred and eighteen delegates met at Syracuse, but the number of alternates being nearly equal to the number of delegates, with the choirs of singers, exhorters, and other wind instruments, may have brought the attendance up to two thousand. In the Liquor Dealers' Procession were six hundred carriages, and three to a carriage would probably be a fair count, or, say, about two thousand for the whole parade.

The Prohibition Convention opened with an hour and a half of prayer. It is safe to say that while the language used in getting the advocates of the flowing bowl into line in a rainstorm may have been forcible, and the figures employed at times may have had reference to the next world, yet on the whole it could easily be distinguished from prayer.

There was exhilaration, and indeed much artificial stimulus, in both assemblages. The Prohibition Convention relied for that quickening of the arterial circulation which is essential to the highest moral purpose upon songs, the presence of ardent, gushing and sparkling women, and that supply of young and pretty girls in which the rural districts excel, as they do in the production of peach-blossoms and rose-tints.

There was, for instance, high-proof and double-distilled pure spirit in a song like the following, which was also flavored with partisanship, as with a touch of lemon-peel:

"No wonder Blaine, who lives in Maine,
Republicans, Republicans,
Has gone to Ireland for his pain.
He sees the writing on the wall,
But 'tis no use for him to bawl;
We'll fix him one year from this Fall,
Republicans, Republicans."

People who could not sing would shout the marching cry "Pro-pro-hi-bi-shun." The spirit would so mount to their heads that the Prohibitionists would laugh and shake hands till they wept with joy—a state of things which, when produced by fluids that admit of liquid measure, is called "maudlin."

Compared with all this the Liquor Dealers' Procession was sober to the degree of the sombre, and sombre to the depth of gloom. The men who rode in it, rode with a painful consciousness of not being handsome, and as if they felt that their appearance on parade was liable to be misunderstood. There is that about two thousand liquor-dealers, when assembled on dress parade, which can no longer be overlooked, as courtesy permits us to do, when we detect it in the single trader. It is a sort of "Pray-won't-somebody-bow-to-me" expression, as the liquor-dealer looks up from his hired hack towards the gamins that fill the scrubby trees in the City Hall Park—and never did trees bear such tough and acrid fruit.

Another marked contrast between the two groups of public servants—for both the Prohibitionists and the Publicans are servants of their respective wings of the public—is that the apostles of temperance came in families—wives and children—bringing Home into politics. But the liquor-dealers, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," rode alone. What the procession might have been if they had brought their wives and children along, we will not picture. But it would have been an improvement, as many of these escape that deposit of saffron in the eye, and passion in the face, which makes the liquor-dealers' smile when on dress parade look so like a leer in stone.

As it was, however, the procession would perhaps make more temperance votes than the Syracuse Convention.

THE contest in the Democratic State Committee of New York over the place made vacant by the resignation of Daniel N. Lockwood was a very little straw, but it was enough to show that the prevailing wind is in President Cleveland's direction. Governor Hill probably doesn't carry canvas enough for a Presidential candidate.

THE order of Archbishop Corrigan that there shall be neither dancing nor beer-drinking after six o'clock in the evening at picnics held under the auspices of the Church is a very proper one, and the German Catholics at Rondont who defied it the other day may have occasion to regret their action. The restraint proposed is not an unreasonable one, and experience has proved it necessary for the preservation of order and in the interests of good morals. No good Catholics will refuse to obey.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible that the Prince of Wales should not only be "extremely cordial" to Mr. Blaine, when they meet at Homburg, but should also have "shown his interest in the American statesman in such a way as to make it sure that it should be seen and known to all men and women"? The whole tone of Mr. George W. Smalley's dispatch from London to the *Tribune*, in which he announces this important piece of news, is that of an

English tuft-hunter, and while he says that "he does not see why it is surprising that an Englishman and an American, each in his way among the most distinguished men of the period, should have a good deal to say to each other, and take pleasure in each other's society," any one who reads between the lines cannot fail to discover that he does consider the Prince's attentions to Mr. Blaine as evidence of great condescension. Some persons believe that Mr. Blaine is almost as likely to be President of the United States as Albert Edward is to be King of England, while the former office is equal in dignity to the latter, and a great deal more potent. Besides, Mr. Blaine's elevation would be by the free choice of the people, and because of his supposed fitness, while, if the Prince of Wales goes to the throne, it will be the result of an accident of birth, and of that only.

THE United Labor party is not as fortunate in some of its recruits as it is in getting rid of people holding objectionable opinions. Mr. A. N. Cole, who claims the honor of having called the first convention ever held by the Republican party—an honor which we shall not deny him, although there are others who do dispute it—announces himself as a volunteer in Henry George's party, and ready to do any campaign work that may be assigned him. Mr. Cole, as every one who knows him can testify, is an impractical "crank," who, if he ever had any influence with the voters of Western New York, lost it long ago, and who has become disgruntled because Republican administrations and Republican committees have not of late been willing to adopt his crazy schemes for advancing the party interests. It is the fortune of every new party to attract all the ragtag and bobtail of politics, and Henry George and Dr. McGlynn will find it much more difficult to get rid of the "cranks" than it was to "bounce" the Socialists.

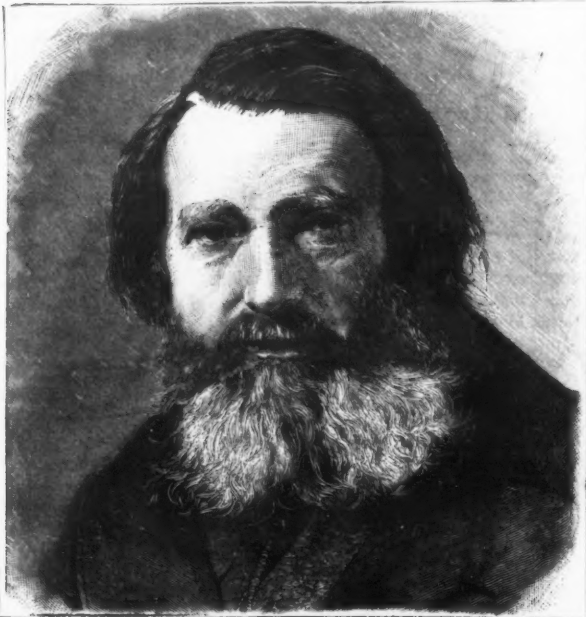
THE time for protest against the use of stoves in railway-cars has passed. The Legislature of this State, backed by a public sentiment that was practically unanimous, has ordered their banishment, and people who travel are now chiefly interested to know what is to be substituted for them. It is already announced that on one or two of the larger roads steam will hereafter be used to heat passenger-coaches, but, as we ride about the States, we see very few evidences of preparation by railway managers to obey the new law. The *Tribune* makes the very timely suggestion that the oil-lamp be banished along with the car-stove. It is a peculiarity of passengers that they take no more kindly to roasting alive when the fire is kindled by a shattered kerosene-lamp than when an overturned stove is the cause of the conflagration. To travel by rail is about one of the safest things a man can do, as is proved by a comparison of the number of persons killed or injured with the aggregate of those who are carried safely to their journey's end, but that is little consolation to the occasional victim. It is to be hoped that we have seen the last of stoves and lamps in cars; and we don't expect to freeze or sit in darkness, either, when we go on a journey.

LIFE-SAVING devices by the dozen are explained, recommended, urged—and then forgotten, whenever there has been a hotel fire, and guests have been burnt to death because their escape from the upper floors was cut off by the flames. The "Hotel Rope Act," passed at the last session of the New York Legislature, provides in a simple and practical manner for such emergencies, by making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment for the proprietor or keepers of a hotel to fail to provide facilities for escape of guests, in case of fire, by means of a rope or better appliance, which must be placed in every room used for lodging purposes. Mayor Hewitt of New York city has taken measures to have this law enforced, so far as his jurisdiction extends. Where there are no fire-escapes, there must be ropes. No doubt there are persons who, traveling unencumbered with baggage, may be tempted to employ this convenient means of exit prematurely, and to the detriment of the trustful proprietors; while possibly, now and then, some one afflicted with a suicidal mania may utilize the fire-escape coil to shuffle off his own mortal one. But these are small risks compared with that of premature cremation, and no hotel-keeper has an excuse for "roping in" guests, without providing at least a line to enable them to get out in case of fire.

THE death of Margaret Strachan, founder of the Faith Home for Fallen Women, ends a life which has been devoted to missionary effort in New York. Miss Strachan was left with a fortune at her disposal, which, with rare unselfishness, was applied to the good of others rather than to the gratification of personal tastes. She believed that fallen women all had within them germs of good which might be developed if they could be taken away from evil influences. The Faith Home was founded entirely at her expense. Over 1,400 women had been cared for at the home up to the close of 1886. Of this number, 517 had been restored to their families, situations had been found for 567, and 116 had engaged in house-keeping. This is certainly a noble record of one woman's work. In addition to this benevolent aid to her unfortunate sisters, Miss Strachan took a special interest in reclaiming men and boys of vicious tendencies, and many owe their real start in life to her counsel and assistance. Her work has been quiet and unnoticed by the public, but the good which she has done forms an enduring memorial. It is reassuring in these days, when the vices of a great city are so conspicuous, to come upon such an example of philanthropy, and to know that there are others unselfishly laboring for good, even though their good work is not proclaimed from the house-tops.

THE appointment of Professor G. Brown Goode, the present Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, shows that President Cleveland appreciates what the law and requirements of the office demand, although he offered the place previously to other gentlemen, neither of whom had special qualifications for it. We doubt if any money expended by the Government has brought larger or more direct returns in the form of increased resources than that appropriated for the support of the Fish Commission. Its work is purely scientific and technical in its character, and requires special preparation and training. This Professor Goode has had under Professor Baird. It was the elaborately colored, framed and mounted plates shown by Professor Goode at the Fisheries Exhibition in London, in 1883, and an address delivered by him, that called forth from Professor Huxley the complimentary declaration that if Great Britain, "or any society which could be formed of sufficient extent to take up the question, was going to deal seriously with the sea fisheries, and not let them take care of themselves, as they had done for the last thousand years or so, they had a very considerable job before them, for he did not think that any nation at the present time had comprehended the question of dealing with fish in so thorough, excellent and scientific a spirit as the United States." The work of the Fish Commission is yet in its infancy, and, under the direction of Professor Goode, we look for much greater results than have ever yet been attained.

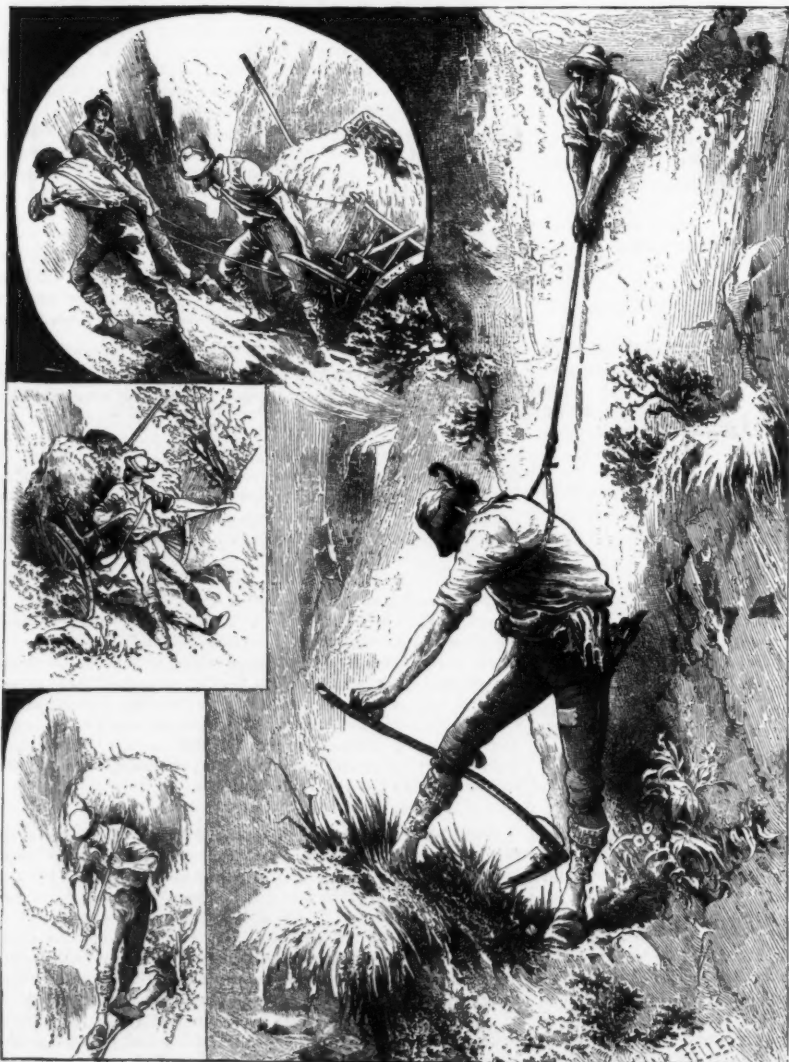
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



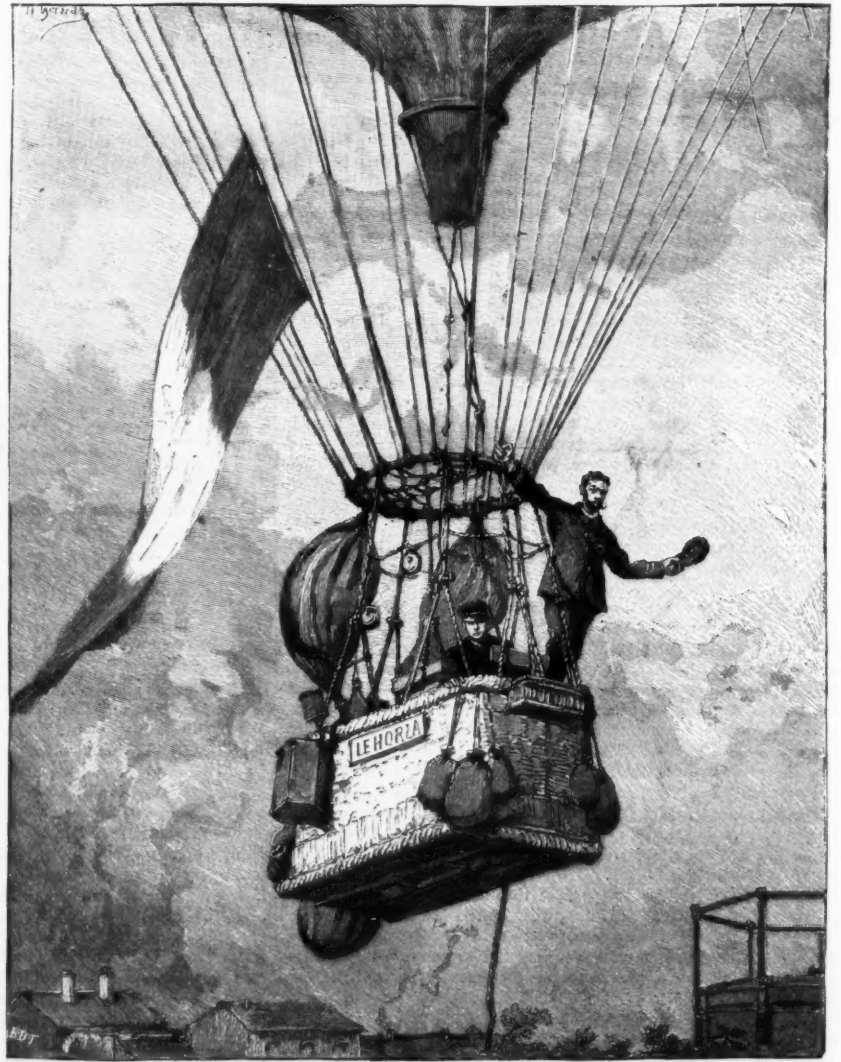
ENGLAND.—JOHN RUSKIN (FROM HIS FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH).



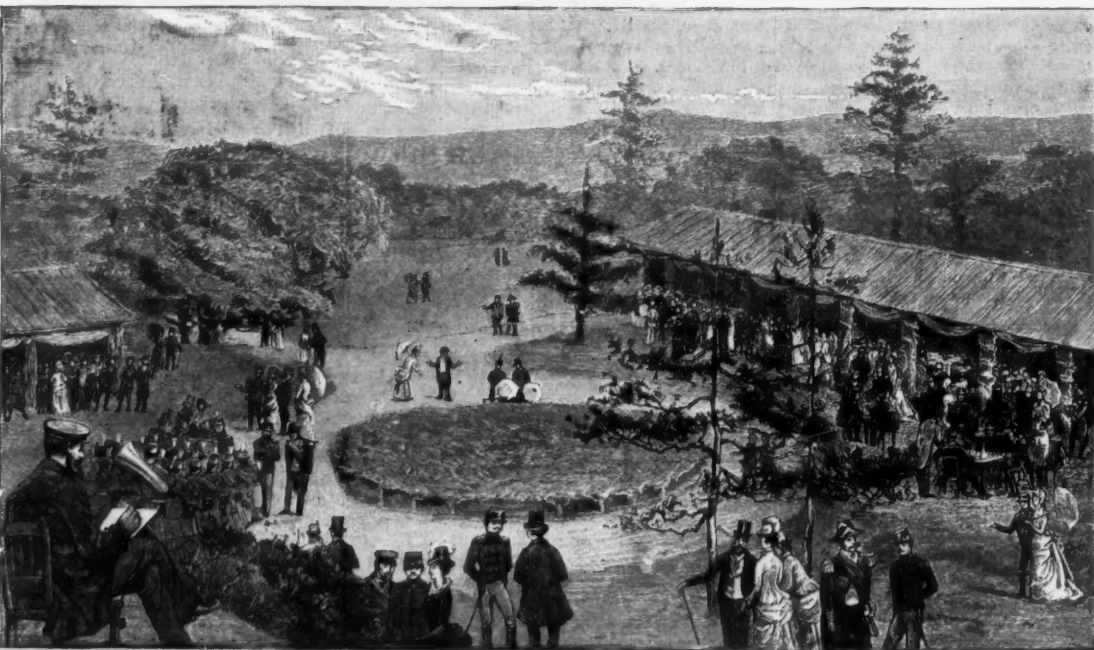
AFGHANISTAN.—ONE OF THE NEW BOUNDARY PILLARS, ERECTED BY THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN COMMISSION.



SOUTHERN GERMANY.—HAYMAKING IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS.



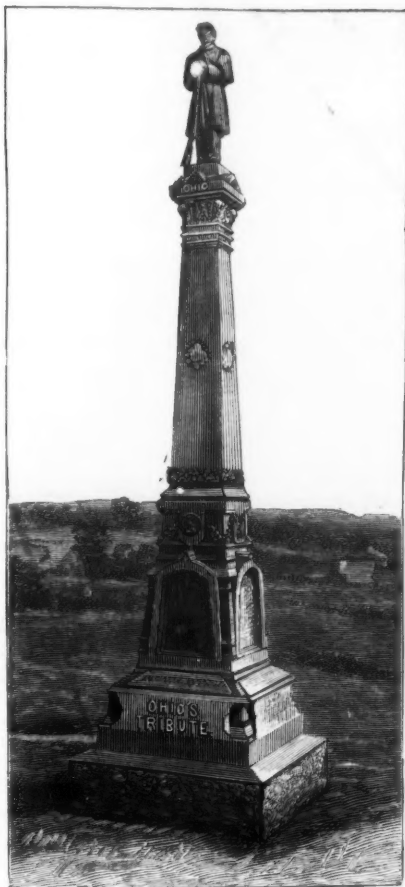
FRANCE.—ASCENT OF MESSRS. JOVIS AND MALLET, IN THE BALLOON "LE HORLA."



JAPAN.—A GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY THE MIKADO TO THE FOREIGN OFFICERS AND RESIDENTS, AT TOKIO.



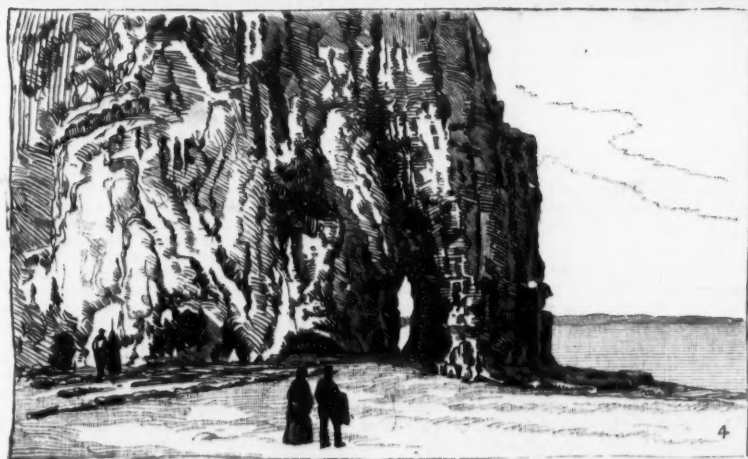
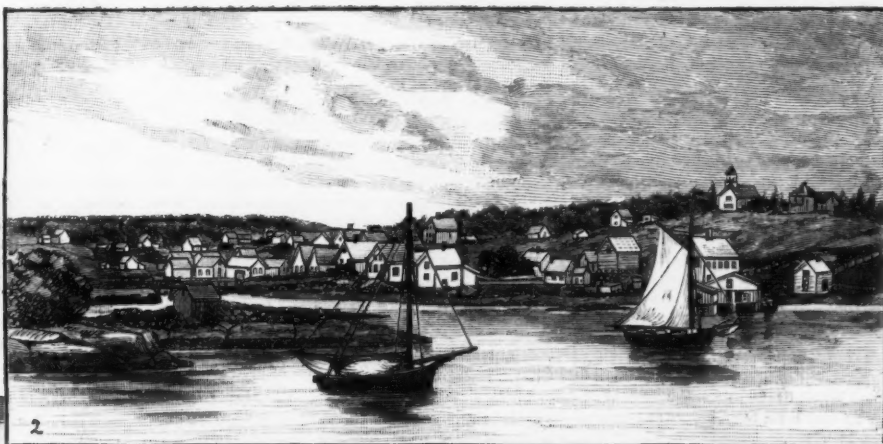
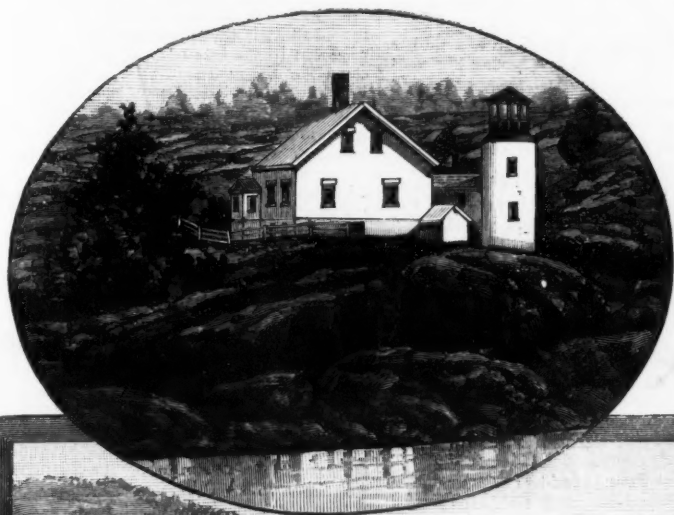
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, APPOINTED CHIEF COMMISSIONER FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES CONVENTION.



PENNSYLVANIA.—MONUMENT OF THE 4TH OHIO REGIMENT ON EAST CEMETERY HILL, GETTYSBURG.—SEE PAGE 59.



NEW YORK CITY.—“HE” AND “IT,” THE AFRICAN APE-CHILDREN. SEE PAGE 54.

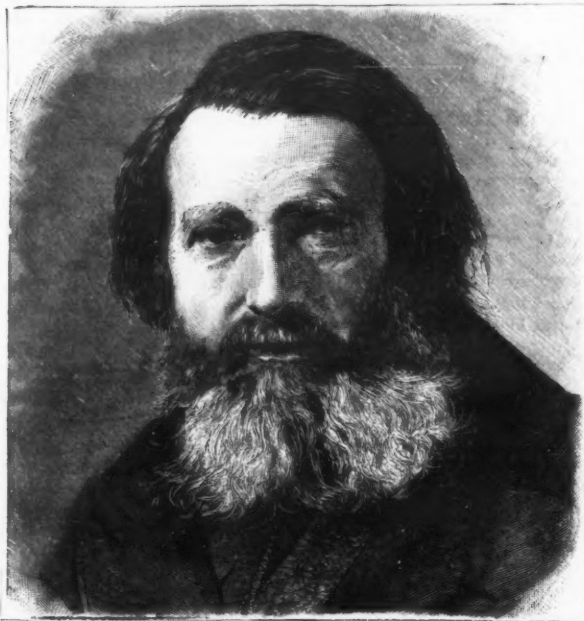


1. Bass Rock Light. 2. Deer Island. 3. Bar Harbor. 4. Split Rock. 5. The Ovens.

MAINE.—BAR HARBOR, AND BITS OF THE NEIGHBORING SHORES.

SEE PAGE 59.

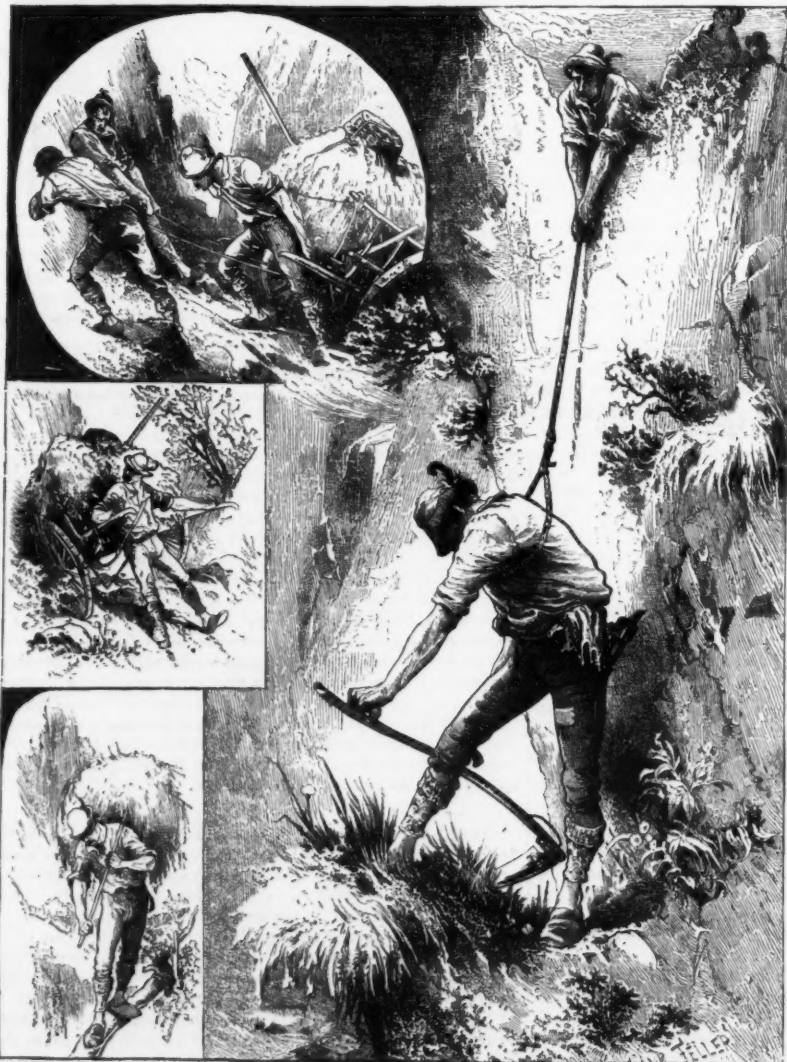
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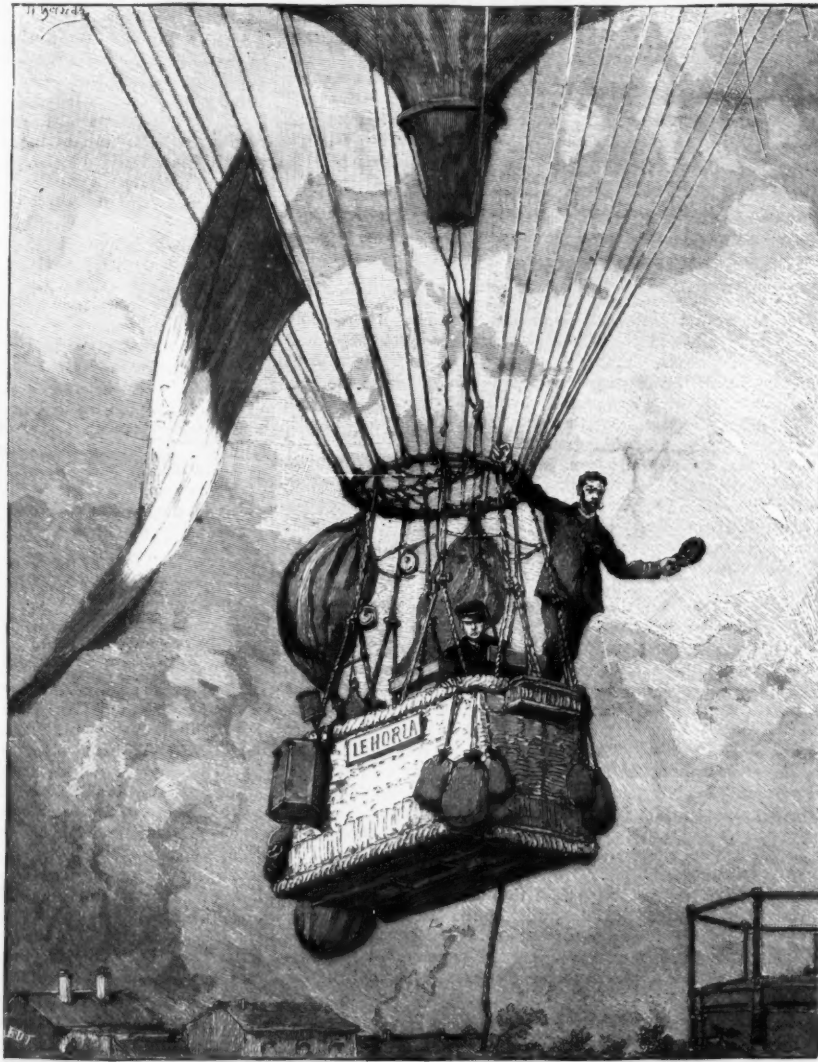
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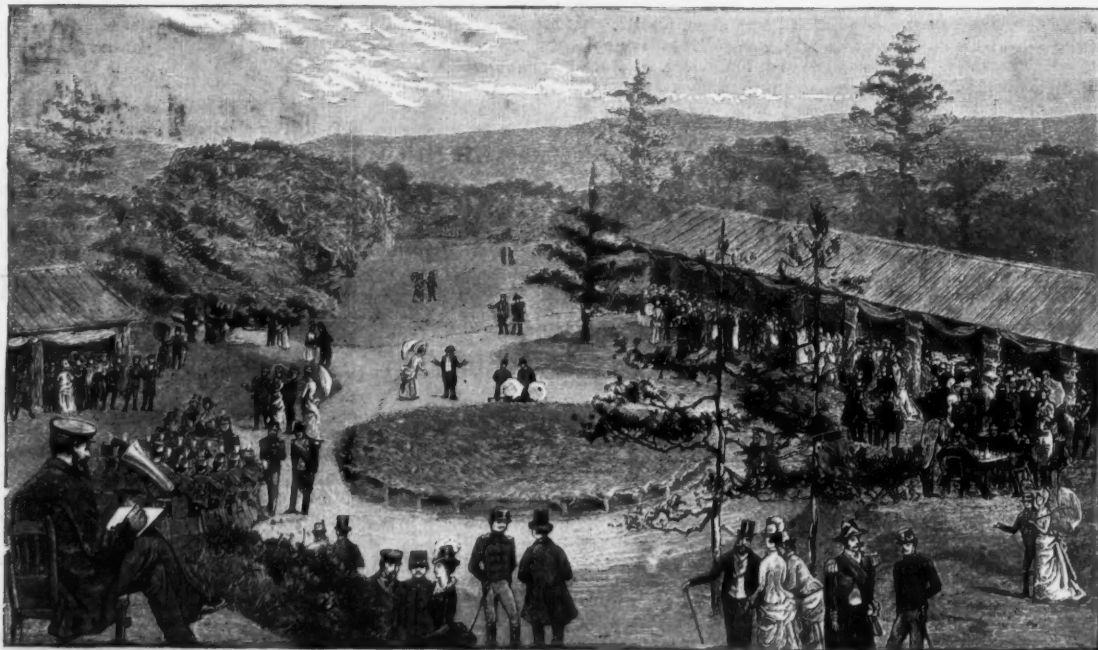
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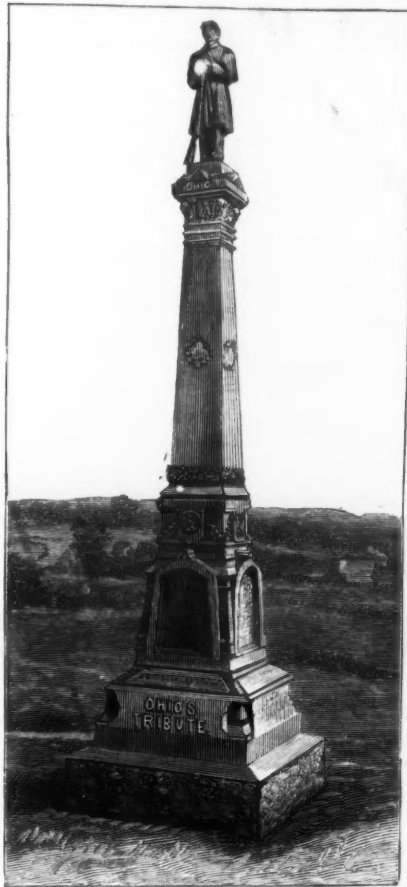
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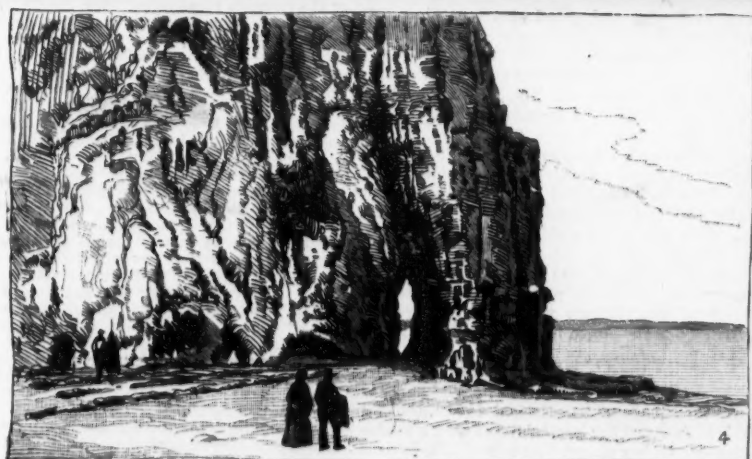
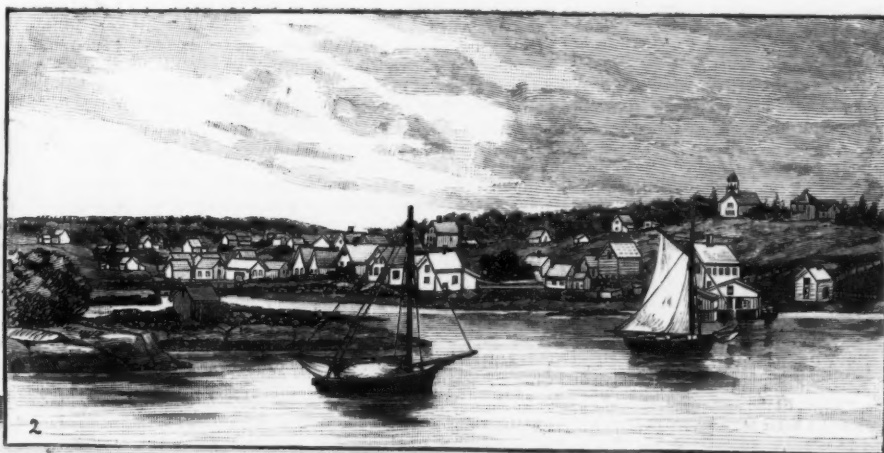
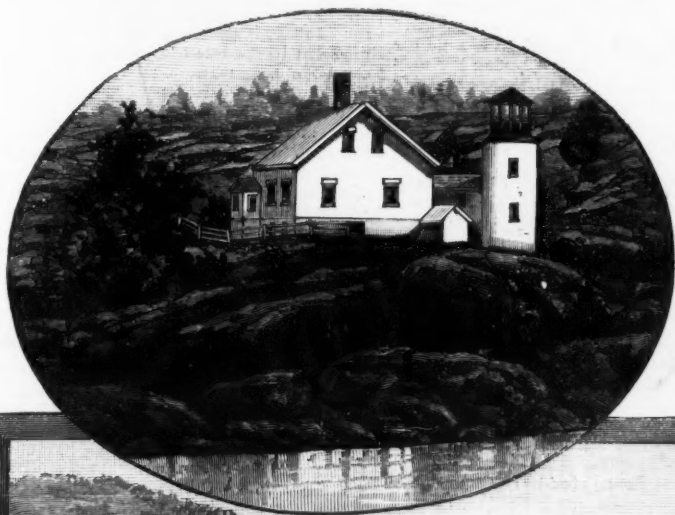
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MAINE.—BAR HARBOR, AND BITS OF THE NEIGHBORING SHORES.

SEE PAGE 59.

EXPERIENCE.

DON'T lose your temper or your time,
Or fret your soul a minute,
Because this good old rosy world
Has foolish people in it.
By not one wholly useless weed
The fertile earth is cumbered;
Then count not these can do no good,
Or with them you'll be numbered.

If all began by being wise,
Each one his sphere adorning,
From wisdom's way we yet might stray
For lack of proper warning;
But Nature kindly sets her signs
On Danger's chosen dwelling;
Without them, what would come to us,
There isn't any telling.

Just reckon up your foolish friends,
Each one's peculiar failing,
And of that folly cure yourself
At which in them you're railing;
While, if you find some luckless one
The same all through and over,
You'd better far be unlike him
Than find a four-leaved clover.

I lay no claim to any store
Of philosophic knowledge,
But this I've learned by studies in
That best but dearest college:
Perhaps you think that school is meant
For other people only;
Or, maybe, you are wise in truth—
But don't you find it lonely?

MIRIAM K. DAVIS

THE KEY OF THE CASKET.

By LUCY H. HOOPER.

WHEN Chester Seabrook, young, wealthy, intelligent, and ambitious of literary fame, went to Italy to collect materials and to consult authorities before beginning his projected tragedy of "Cesar Borgia," his friends and relatives in New York were far from anticipating the actual results of his researches. These had brought about his acquaintance with a certain Dr. Alexander Marini, an aged physician of Milan, who claimed descent from one of the collateral branches of the Borgia family. This old doctor's granddaughter, Lucrezia Marini, was wonderfully beautiful, an Italian blonde, glowing with the freshness of extreme youth, being then hardly seventeen, and with all the lustre of a loveliness which, as her grandfather declared, revived and reproduced the charms of her of the same name who was the famous bride of Duke Alfonso of Ferrara. The tragedy remained unwritten, and Chester Seabrook took to wife this dazzling creature. If, wedding in haste, he afterwards repented at leisure, the outside world was destined never to know. His married life lasted a little over one year. His brilliant Italian wife died in giving birth to a son, and the young widower returned to his native land with his little child, possibly a wiser man, but certainly a sadder one. It was an ominous fact that he never referred to his wife in any way, nor to the experiences of his few months of matrimony. A miniature, painted on ivory and reproducing the glowing yet delicate beauty of the fair Lucrezia, was all that remained to him of that episode in his life. That, and the boy, who had received the name of Louis, and who bore well his transfer to the United States, growing and thriving as though he had been born under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

When Louis was a little over twelve years of age his father died suddenly of typhoid pneumonia. Mr. Seabrook had never married again, a circumstance usually attributed by the world at large to his devotion to the memory of his wife. In this they were probably mistaken. The man who has been extremely happy in his married life, and who is left a widower, is usually very anxious to marry again as soon as possible. He misses the domestic peace, the joys of tranquil home affection, and his desire to re-marry is almost invariably in proportion to the felicity bestowed upon him by his wife. The widower of a shrew, a fool, or a disagreeable and uncongenial woman, is, on the other hand, very apt to remain single. Having once escaped from the dungeon and the torture-chamber, he is very careful to keep out of them for evermore; and for one reason or another Chester Seabrook never again made any attempts to enter the holy estate of matrimony.

He had one only sister, Mrs. Richard Marsden, and to her and to her husband he bequeathed the guardianship of his son and of that son's large fortune. It was a healthy-natured and happy family in which the boy grew to manhood. Mrs. Marsden's three sons were all older than Louis, and did not, it is true, take very kindly to their cousin. But her only daughter, little Grace, was some years his junior, and, as is often the case in such instances with intelligent, precocious little girls, she developed a great fancy for her moody boy cousin, and regularly took him under her protection. It is the early development of the mother-instinct, the sweetest and tenderest element in feminine nature, that thus finds scope and occupation; and Grace petted Louis, and watched over him, and sometimes scolded him in a protesting, patronizing way that, coming from so small a girl, would have been comical if it had not been very charming.

For the poor boy needed all the affection that could possibly be bestowed upon him. He was never strong, and his disposition was gloomy and morbid to a degree that was extraordinary in one that was to so great a degree a favorite of fortune. He was shy and silent to a painful extent, and despite his Italian origin, he developed no taste for either art or music. He decided early in life to become a physician, but, after studying medicine for some few years in a desultory, languid way, devoting the chief part of his time to investigations concerning the nature and properties of

poisons, he suddenly announced that, on attaining his majority, he had made up his mind to relinquish all idea of studying a profession. And he likewise astonished Mr. and Mrs. Marsden by making formal proposals for the hand of Grace.

These proposals were negatived at once, and decidedly, by Mr. Marsden.

"You are both of you too young to think of such a thing as marriage, or even of an engagement, Louis," his uncle made answer. "You are only just twenty-one, and Grace is but a few weeks over sixteen. Moreover, I have decided objections to the marriage of first cousins."

"You do not know to what you doom me, uncle," was the gloomy response of the young man. "Grace is all that I have to live for upon earth, and if I lose her—"

"Now, do not talk nonsense, Louis," responded Richard Marsden, briskly, but not unkindly. "Grace is too much of a child to be allowed to listen to your proffers of affection. She cares no more for you than she does for Ned, or Harry, or Frank. You are like a brother to her—nothing more—and I do not mean to have her mind disturbed by anything like love-making. Besides, you have seen nothing of the world, as you should do before choosing a wife and settling down to matrimony and quietude. Go abroad—spend the next two years in European travel, and then—"

"And then you will give Grace to me?" eagerly asked the youth, his pale face flushing and his dark eyes glowing as he spoke.

"I make no promise; I will enter into no compact with you on that subject. You and Grace must both be entirely free, and if either of you should fall in love with some one else—"

"I cannot admit the existence of such a possibility so far as I am concerned," made answer Louis, passionately.

"Nevertheless such things are possible, and have often occurred, especially where two such children as you both are were concerned. Now let me hear nothing more on this subject. I shall send Grace to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Elavyn, in Washington, until you are gone, and I shall feel seriously displeased with you if you broach to her any subject connected with love and matrimony before her departure."

And so well and carefully did Mrs. Marsden (who was at once acquainted by her husband with all the details of the affair) watch over her daughter, that Grace went away for her visit wholly unconscious of the conquest she had made of her cousin's affections. She was, to tell the truth, so delighted at the idea of a journey to Washington, of a sojourn with her favorite aunt (whose daughter Alice was about her own age), and of all the things she meant to see and do, that she lost sight of the fact that Cousin Louis was going to sail for Europe in a few weeks, and that she would not see him again for a long, long time. In fact, the peculiarly morbid disposition of the young man had finally become repellent to her bright nature, and though she was always affectionate and kind to him, she felt, unconsciously, a certain degree of relief in the thought of his absence.

"You must not forget me, Grace," he said, fervently, at the moment of her departure. And the young girl answered, gayly: "No fear of that, Louis. Even if you never write to any of us, I shall always remember you. For you are my cousin, you know—just the same to me as one of my brothers."

Louis was about to utter some protestation respecting this announcement on Grace's part; but a significant touch on his shoulder from the hand of Mr. Marsden recalled that gentleman's stern prohibitions, and he contented himself with kissing with fervor the little hand that Grace frankly placed within his own, unheeding the fresh young face that was held up to him for a parting salute.

"How odd you are, Louis, not to kiss me good-by!" she cried, gayly, as she sprang into the carriage; "remember, you must write your first letter from Rome to me. And be sure you tell me what you think about St. Peter's and the Colosseum. I wish I were going with you to see them all."

"If you only were!" muttered Louis, as the carriage drove away. "There goes my guardian angel, and I must go forth alone to meet the demon."

A few weeks later Louis Seabrook sailed from New York for Europe. He did not fail to write to Grace more than one impassioned love-letter shortly after his arrival; but the child, perplexed, unsympathizing, and half provoked with what she called "Cousin Louis's foolishness," made no response to his fervent protestations. Louis took the hint, and the correspondence thereafter was conducted on a more tranquil footing. To this change a sharp reproof from Mr. Marsden, and a threat of forbidding altogether any interchange of letters, probably contributed largely. The traveler wrote but seldom, but he often sent tokens of regard and remembrance to his uncle's family, and especially to Grace. One of these was a fine copy of the celebrated portrait of Cesar Borgia, by Raphael, which is one of the noted art-treasures of the Borghese Palace. And in the strangely beautiful face, with the evil tendencies of the inner nature looking from the large eyes and curving the full red lips, Mrs. Marsden recognized with a shudder a strong resemblance to the countenance of her nephew. Indeed, he alluded to the likeness himself in one of the infrequent letters received from him during his sojourn in Rome. "I must be a true descendant of the Borgias," he wrote, "for my likeness to the Raphael portrait has been commented upon even by total strangers, and when I went to see my great-grandfather, Dr. Marini, when I passed through Milan, the other day, his first exclamation on beholding me was, 'You are like your mother's race.' By-the-way, what a wonderful old man he is! I have promised to pay him a long visit on my way back to Paris, and he tells me that he will then confide to my

keeping sundry family relics of great importance. I confess that I am very curious to see them. He is nearly ninety years old now, but preserves all his faculties unimpaired."

A few months later Louis wrote that the promised visit had been paid, and that Dr. Marini had placed in his hands some curious and antique objects, several of which had at one time belonged to the famous family of Pope Alexander Borgia. "Amongst these," he wrote, "is an ivory casket of exquisite and artistic workmanship. It possesses certain singular properties which I shall describe when we meet." Next came the news of the death of the old doctor, who had seemed to have lived thus long for the express purpose of bestowing his cherished heirlooms on his great-grandson, and sole direct descendant.

The two years that had been fixed as the period of young Seabrook's absence had nearly come to an end, and he had already written to announce the date at which he would sail for home, when he received from Mrs. Marsden the news of Grace's engagement to a young and talented lawyer, Stuart Hastings by name. The match was one that was satisfactory in every way to Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, and, to do them justice, they had both looked upon the attachment of Louis for his cousin as a mere boyish passion that had not survived the tests of time and absence. This letter received no response, but Louis wrote a few hurried lines to Grace, declaring his intention of being present at her marriage. "And to prove to my pretty cousin that I bear her no malice for the way that she has trifled with my affections," he wrote, "I will bring her a wedding-present such as few brides in this nineteenth century have ever received."

But it was not till the day before that fixed for the ceremony that Louis made his appearance at the house of his aunt. He received a warm welcome from Mrs. Marsden, who had always looked upon him as one of her own children.

"You have grown tall and manly, Louis," she said, after the first greetings were at an end, "but you look wild, haggard and feverish. Are you suffering from malaria? You must not fall ill on the very day of your return—the eve of Grace's wedding-day. Your playmate of bygone days would feel sorely grieved if you were not to be present to-morrow."

"Ah, yes—where is Grace?—I had forgotten Grace!" the young man responded, hurriedly. "I want to see her—I have my wedding-gift ready for her, and I want to present it to her myself."

"Go into the library, then, and I will send her to you in a moment. She is just having her wedding-dress tried on for the last time, and I will tell her not take it off, for I want you to see how charmingly she looks in it."

And with a nod and a smile, Mrs. Marsden disappeared.

Some ten minutes later the door of the library, where Louis was pacing the floor impatiently, was slowly opened, and the bride-elect, graceful and charming in her vesture of snowy satin, with a mien of grave sweet maidenliness, advanced with outstretched hands to greet the newly returned wanderer. He gazed upon her for a moment with a lowering brow and a bitter smile.

"So it is thus that I find you, woman that I loved," he said between his teeth, "on the eve of your marriage, all radiant and smiling in your bridal finery!"

"Cousin—Cousin Louis!" stammered the young girl, amazed and half alarmed at Seabrook's demeanor.

"Oh, you need not be afraid—I have not come to overwhelm you with reproaches or to tell you all the ill that you have wrought, my cousin Grace. I have brought you a present from beyond the seas. Take it, and with it such blessings from me as you and your kinsfolk richly deserve."

So saying, he turned towards the table, and brought forward to the light an ivory casket that stood there, still half shrouded in its wrappings. Divested of these, it showed in the sunset light as a marvel of artistic beauty. In high-relief upon the lid was carved the meeting of Bacchus and Ariadne, and the sides were adorned with a representation of the bridal procession of the god, wherein bacchantes and satyrs, nymphs and fauns, and cupids and panthers, were all mingled in graceful confusion. The mountings of the casket were in antique silver, and on a shield just above the lock were engraved the intertwined initials "C. B.," and below these a "V." surmounted with a ducal coronet, the insignia of "Cesar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois." It was a gift worthy to be offered by an enamored monarch to his future queen.

Grace drew near and gazed with breathless delight at the exquisite workmanship of the ivory carvings. Meantime Louis took from his pocket-book an antique key of art. The tube was held in the upraised hands of a mermaid, whose curved fish-tail formed the handle of the key. This handle on its outer edge was bordered with small, scarcely perceptible points, or spines, which would be apt to wound the hand of any one trying to open the lock and not warned to take due precautions. This key Louis carefully fitted into the lock of the casket.

"Open it—open it, Grace!" he cried, with feverish eagerness. "Within, you will find inclosed a necklace of the choicest pearls to be found in all Paris. Open it—open it, and tell me what you think of my wedding-presents."

But without touching the key the young girl glided forward, and, resting her clasped hands on the lid of the casket, she looked into the dark, troubled depths of her cousin's eyes with a tender seriousness in her glance that caused him to turn pale and to look aside.

"Dear Cousin Louis," she said, "you have brought me a magnificent gift, but do not think me exacting or ungrateful if I ask you for something more. You know I am going out to-morrow

to a new life, and I want to take with me all the kindly thoughts and affection of those who loved me when I was a little child. You feel bitterly towards us all, I know, because I could not love you better than I have done—just as I have loved my brothers. It will cast a shadow on the brightness of my wedding-day if I think you are still displeased with my parents, and still feel unkindly towards me. Dear Cousin Louis—my brother Louis—in memory of our old pleasant days together, will you not grant me my request? Take back your lovely casket and your necklace of pearls, and give me instead your frank brotherly affection once more."

He fixed his dark, burning eyes on the soft blue ones raised so pleadingly to his own.

"So you will not open the casket, Grace?" he said, hoarsely.

"Not till you promise to grant me my request. Ah, Louis, have you forgotten all those days when we were children together, and little Cousin Grace used to pet you, and watch over you, and keep her boisterous brothers from teasing you? You were always very dear to me, Louis—be my dear brother once again and always."

Still gazing fixedly upon her, he drew the casket towards him, unlocked it, threw back the lid, and withdrew the key. He held up his hand with its open palm turned towards Grace as he did so, and the astonished girl could see upon it one or two minute drops of blood caused by the punctures of the points on the handle of the key.

"Take your casket and your pearls, Grace, and with them my full forgiveness. You do not know what good service I have done you to-day. I have swept from your path a bitter and a dangerous foe. Did you ever read Victor Hugo's 'Esmeralda'? There are four lines in an old translation of that poem which are now ringing in my brain:

"Mine be the tomb and thine be light and life.
I die, and Fate avenges thee. 'Tis well.
I go, O angel of my life, to learn
If Heaven's sweet as were thy love. Farewell."

So saying, he took Grace's head in both his hands, kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and departed.

A week later the community was electrified by the news of the sudden death of young Louis Seabrook, who succumbed to a rapid and mysterious malady a few days after the marriage of Miss Marsden. The disease which proved so speedily fatal baffled all the science and the conjectures of the physicians called in to attend him. They agreed that his symptoms closely resembled those produced by the bite of a serpent, and finally decided that the patient had fallen a victim to some acute and mysterious form of blood-poisoning.

It was only Richard Marsden who learned the truth, and that was after the death of Louis Seabrook. Amongst the papers of the deceased was found a letter addressed to his uncle. It set forth in rambling, incoherent fashion these facts: "I brought the casket of Cesar Borgia as a present to Grace," he wrote, "intending that she should not long survive her marriage. The little points that stud the handle of the silver key, and that are arranged so as to puncture the hand of any one who tries, unwarned, to open the casket, contain a deadly venom. But, once brought face to face with my fair and gentle cousin, I could not find it in my heart to carry out my purpose. Two natures have striven for supremacy in my soul. The one is the cruel serpent—cunning infused there by the Borgia blood of my maternal ancestors. The other is the frank kindness of my American father. What if the first-named element should once again win the upper hand, as it did when I planned Grace's bridal gift? I have deliberately tested on myself the death-dealing properties of the poisoned key. I have destroyed it. Never again will it work harm on any human being. And never again shall I. I would not live to deal with fresh temptations—perhaps to succumb to them. The legacy of my great-grandfather has wrought evil for no one—not even for myself. I go

"To where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

AN INTERESTING PAIR OF APE-CHILDREN.

THE much-talked-of "missing links," or ape-children, now in possession of the Reich Brothers, well-known animal dealers of New York city, are portrayed in all their interesting ugliness on page 53, together with Mrs. Sparrow, the handsome colored woman who has been engaged to take care of them. The animals are called He and It. They arrived in this country only a few days ago in a large wooden crate, brought by one of the German steamships. Mr. Reich got them in London from a hunter who has spent many years in Southern Africa. He is known only as Hunter Wilhelm, and has had as many adventures as one of Mr. Rider Haggard's heroes. About a year ago, the story is, Wilhelm came across a tribe of natives near Zambesi River, in South Africa, and although never visited by a white man before, they treated him kindly. From them he learned that one hundred miles further into the interior there was a tribe of hairy savages that frequently swooped down upon the neighboring natives and carried off their women, tore up their crops and stole everything possible to be carried away. While the hunter was in the village a woman that had been captured a few months before returned with three children that she had stolen from the tribe. The hunter resolved to get them if possible, and as he was friendly with the chief, bought them for trinkets that he had with him, and started immediately for England. Mr. Reich saw him in London and purchased the three "children" from him. There were two males and one female, but the female, named She, died before starting for this country.

The creatures are a study for naturalists. Their heads are as well formed and developed as a two-year-old child's, and the forehead is not at all receding, but straight and intelligent-looking. The eyes are brown, large and bright. The nose, however, is like an African negro's, only much flatter, and the mouth resembles that of Mr. Crowley, the Central Park chimpanzee, whose portrait we gave

two weeks ago. The body is well formed, and the paunch extremely like those of the children in southern countries that are raised on bananas. The hands are human in shape, and so are the feet, except the toes, which are longer than a child's and more movable. Long red hair of a sparse growth is on the back and limbs, but the front of the body, which is of a tan color, is perfectly free from it.

Although much like a monkey or an ape in appearance, the animals have no tails, and there is no suspicion that there might have been one originally, which might have been amputated. They have been clothed in the latest Chatham Street style, and present quite a civilized appearance.

THE KENTUCKY VENDETTA.

THE Martin-Tolliver vendetta, which has run its lawless and murderous course in Rowan County, Ky., during a period of over ten years, culminated in a bloody battle in the town of Morehead, on the 25th of June last, when Budd Tolliver, the leader of one of the factions, was killed, with four of his followers. An account of this affair was given in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of the date of July 2d. The outrage which precipitated the descent upon the Tollivers on that occasion was the killing of the two Logan boys while resisting arrest at the hands of Craig Tolliver, who held the office of police judge. After the sanguinary scene of vengeance on June 25th, a large convention of Rowan County men met at Morehead, and signed resolutions mutually pledging the maintenance of order and support of the civil authorities; but soon they were quarreling among themselves. About the end of July it was decided to send two companies of State Guards and a Gatling gun to protect the court and uphold the law. The troops were accordingly sent, under command of Major L. W. McKee, of Lawrenceburg, Ky., who reported to Judge Cole in the early part of last month. Meanwhile, Cook Humphrey, leader of the Martin faction and ex-sheriff of Rowan County, to whom Craig Tolliver's followers were opposed, returned to Morehead. He had left a year before in compliance with an agreement, formulated by Congressman Caruth, under which peace was to be secured by the exile, for life, of both Humphrey and Tolliver. Humphrey had been in the West ever since. By his return the fierce hatred between the factions was again aroused. The Tollivers denounced the injustice of Humphrey being allowed to come back when their leader had been slain for no greater offense. While the feud was thus being fanned to an outburst of fury the time for holding the term of the Circuit Court drew near, at which the trial of the men who killed Tolliver, as well as of the Tollivers who murdered the two Logan boys, were to begin. Judge A. E. Cole, of that court, asked for more soldiers, and Governor Knott in response sent Adjutant-general Castleman to Morehead to investigate. He returned with Boone Logan, the real leader in the slaying of Tolliver. His report was at first adverse to sending troops. He said: "These people who restored the good name and credit of the county then are now dividing on political matters and ready to quarrel among themselves. I still say, as I said in my report on

when the maskers opened fire on them; and after wounding John Taylor and John Vance and killing Elliott Martin, they rode off. No reasons were assigned for the killing save that these men's evidence could have damaged somebody connected with the murder of the young Logans. Finally, on the 17th of August, one John Keeton testified that Z. Taylor Young and his son had offered him \$100 to kill Howard Logan, and he refused to do the deed, but that he did carry the money to John Trumbo, who attempted to kill Logan. He said Taylor Young told him that Judge Cole had said that there would be nothing done with the man who would kill Howard Logan. The jury returned the verdict of "Not Guilty."

Last week, two of the Martin-Logan faction, named Pigman and Perry, accused of the murder of Craig Tolliver, were acquitted after two hours' deliberation by the jury, so that nobody is to be punished, so far as the law is concerned, for the sanguinary and not untimely taking off of the late desperado. With the adjournment of the court and the departure of the soldiers, however, it is feared that the battle of the factions will break out afresh.

We give some views of the faction-cursed town of Morehead, including places associated with the recent events of the feud, and the persons chiefly concerned therein.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

MR. RUSKIN'S CONDITION.

A RECENTLY published cable letter gave details concerning the alleged insanity of John Ruskin, the great English art critic and writer, and stated that he is and has long been afflicted with spells of temporary insanity in which he distributes money without discretion, takes violent antipathies and goes into spasms of rage at the mention of railroads. These statements, however, should be accepted only with limitations. It is well known that his peculiar ideas have resulted in his being unable to retain the services of a publisher in England for any length of time, and his disapproval of American girls has been so strongly and frequently expressed that some people do not hesitate to call him a crank on the subject. He has been ill since last April, and his sickness may have so affected his brain temporarily and developed his peculiarities as to give rise to the report. A daughter of Mr. Ruskin's English publisher, being interviewed on the subject, said: "He has been very ill; he is on the threshold of threescore and ten, and feeble. But insane—oh, no, that is nonsense! A few days ago we had a letter from him dated St. Albans. He was then on his way to the city, and he has taken with him the proof-sheets of his art lectures. Within the past few weeks he has written for us to print a preface for a new book called 'Hortus Inclusus,' which has been written by ladies at Conistone. Recently father has been arranging for a new edition of 'Modern Painters.' In reply to a question as to his whereabouts on the Continent, Miss Allen replied: 'It has long been one of Mr. Ruskin's peculiarities not to wish his address, when on tours, known to the public; but this I will tell'—here she smiled again—"it is not at or near a lunatic asylum."

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY.

It was announced in England, a few weeks ago, that the Afghan boundary question had been settled, and that all danger of misunderstandings between England and Russia in Central Asia was past. The pleasing assurance has been quickly dispelled. Ayoub Khan, the pretender to the throne of Afghanistan, has escaped from Teheran. That the Persians connived at his escape is evident, or that the escape was meditated and brought about by Russian influence. Ayoub is believed to have taken his flight towards Russia, and the English Foreign Office is filled with uneasiness. Trouble may now be expected at any moment, that will call for, or at least excuse, English interference. We give an illustration of one of the pillars marking the new Afghan-Russian boundary. This is Pillar No. 53. The pillars are numbered in regular order, beginning at Zulfikar on the Heri-Rud, where the boundary starts from the west, and this one is on the top of a round hill, distant about sixteen miles to the west of Dowlatabad. The view is looking south, which gives a sight of the Koh-i-Baba Range, with its snowy peaks. These pillars are built of brick, the bricks being generally found in the old "robats," or caravansaries, now in ruins, which were along the lines of route in former times. The pillars are erected on an earthen base, and are plastered and numbered. At present there are about sixty-five of these pillars, which have been erected to mark the line so far as it has been determined, which is as far as Andkhui. From Andkhui to Kham-i-Ab, on the Oxus, the portion of the boundary lately settled at St. Petersburg, will require about a dozen more pillars, and a small expedition, it is understood, will be sent from India to look after their erection. The pillars on the now altered line, between the Khushk and the Murghab, will have to be taken down and placed again on the new line.

HAYMAKING IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

The inhabitants of the Bavarian Alps depend largely upon their goats for subsistence. They are very poor; they have modest little homes among the mountains, their goats supply them with a little milk, and they make cheese and butter. Bread is quite rare, therefore they grow potatoes on a scanty farm to take its place, and with these, and the produce of their goats, the people live and keep healthy and strong. They gather as food for the goats the grass which grows on the almost inaccessible shelves of the mountain-sides. Our first picture shows a mower in a dangerous position, let down by his comrades by a rope in order to cut grass. Under him is a precipice of, say, 150 feet, which descends to a little valley where his home is. He cuts the grass, ties it in a bundle, and it is drawn up to be dried in the sun. Picture No. 2 shows what difficulty is encountered in carting hay to the mountains; and in No. 3 the equally difficult task of carting it down is shown. No. 4 shows one of these hardy mountaineers crossing a precipice on a tree-trunk with as much ease and certainty of footing as we feel when walking the streets.

THE ASCENSION OF THE "HORIA."

A recent event in French ballooning was the ascension made on the 13th ult. by the well-known aeronauts, Messrs. Jovis and Mallet, in a balloon named the *Horia*, after one of Guy de Maupassant's novels. The start was made at La Villette gasworks, near Paris, at about 7 A.M. A tent had been erected close to the balloon, and near the flag of the French Aeronautic Society were displayed the various instruments which M. Jovis

was to take with him. These included a barometer fitted to measure a height of upwards of 30,000 feet, a thermometer recording a temperature of 50° below zero (Fahrenheit), and glass globes from which the air had been removed to be used in collecting specimens of the air in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Three small balloons were provided, containing 1,200 liters of oxygen, to be inhaled by the aeronauts on attaining an elevation of 20,000 feet. When the balloon was let loose, amid the applause of the spectators, it rose very slowly, proceeding first to the northwest; then, having got into another current, it proceeded eastwards. It continued visible till ten minutes past eight, when it disappeared. The balloon came down about eleven o'clock in the forest of Freyre, near the Villa St. Hubert, in Belgium Luxembourg. M. Jovis stated that the aeronauts had been entirely successful; they had reached an altitude of upwards of 7,000 meters, or about 4½ miles, without any bad effects, except that M. Mallet had twice begun to faint. All the meteorological instruments had been carefully sealed up before the balloon started, to avoid any suspicion of unfair dealing, and were solemnly opened by the scientific committee. It was then found that the exact height attained was 7,100 meters, and the lowest temperature 23° Fahr.

THE MIKADO'S GARDEN PARTY.

Our illustration represents a scene that but a few years since would have seemed a wild dream. The Emperor and Empress of Japan, the one clad in European dress uniform, the other in a Western dress of ruby velvet, recently gave a garden party and luncheon in Tokio. Bands of music played selections from our well-known operas and weird Japanese melodies. The guests were chiefly nobles and officials. The foreign guests came chiefly from the Embassies, Consulates and Colleges, and there were some officers from the warships at Yokohama. It is almost needless to say that the Japanese are most courteous hosts, and that they manage social entertainments very skillfully. Each European guest had his name in Japanese characters on the envelope of the elaborate invitation card, and as he entered the garden it was rendered out loud into English by the attendants who guarded the doors.

RIGHT HONORABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, FIRST BRITISH FISHERIES COMMISSIONER.

It was something of a surprise when Sir James Fergusson, Parliamentary Secretary for the British Foreign Office, announced in the House of Commons last week, that the Government had agreed upon a new Commission to represent British interests in the North American Fisheries Convention, and added that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had accepted the office of principal High Commissioner for Great Britain. Mr. Chamberlain's political career is well known to the world, and there seems to be little doubt that the new appointment puts the right man in the right place. He intends to depart for America at an early day, and it is likely that Mr. Jesse Collings, Member of Parliament for Birmingham, will accompany him, though not in an official capacity. Who his associates will be is not known at the present writing. Sir Lionel Sackville-West, the British Minister at Washington, is expected to sit on the Commission, and it is possible that Sir John Macdonald may be asked to represent Canada.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE remains of no less than fifty-nine species of flowering plants from mummy-wrappings in Egypt have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate violet color of the larkspur and the scarlet of the poppy, the chlorophyll in the leaves and the sugar in the raisins remaining.

THE five vessels under Admiral Lang's command, now about to leave Europe for China, are a formidable installment of the "bolts and bars" of the Chinese Empire. The fleet is composed of two ships built at Elswick, two at Stettin, and a torpedo-boat built by Yarrow. The two English vessels are the *Chih Yuan* and the *Ching Yuan*, and are of the swift protected cruiser class. They were designed, by the order of the Marquis Tseng, by W. H. White, then naval constructor to Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., but their construction has been carried out mainly under the superintendence of Liu Ta-jen, the present Chinese Minister. Their displacement is 2,300 tons; the length is 268 feet, breadth 38 feet, and depth from the main deck to the keel molded 21 feet. The draft forward is 14 feet and aft 16 feet.

THE famous Great Wall of China is stigmatized as merely a myth by a French Roman Catholic missionary lately returned from the Celestial Empire. The prevailing idea of the wall is that it stretches right across China, over mountains and through valleys, without a break. But the missionary declares that he has lived just where the wall should have been, had it existed, and that though the idea of such a monster defense was undoubtedly entertained by an early Chinese Emperor, it was never fully carried out. Square towers, at various distances, and a few scattered village walls, are the only signs of a great wall, asserts the Frenchman, and the tradition of its existence is due to a French traveler of the seventeenth century who misunderstood a Chinese expression. Naturally this assertion has aroused much controversy, and a correspondent of the London *Standard* energetically maintains that the Great Wall undoubtedly exists, and that he and a number of other travelers distinctly saw a considerable portion of it some years since.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 26TH.—In Sewanee, Tenn., the Rt. Rev. R. W. B. Elliott, D.D., Missionary Bishop of Western Texas, aged 47 years. AUGUST 28TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Professor George N. Bigelow, head of the Athenaeum Seminary, aged 64 years; in Chicago, Ill., Judge George Gardner, aged 61 years; in Birmingham, Conn., John W. Storrs, poet and journalist, aged 63 years. AUGUST 30TH.—In Jaffrey, N. H., Rear-admiral Theodore C. Greene, United States Navy (retired), aged 70 years; in Boston, Mass., the Rev. Thomas Stack, President of Boston College and Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. AUGUST 31ST.—In Saratoga, N. Y., Frederick B. Taylor, a well-known business man of New York and San Francisco, aged 50 years. SEPTEMBER 1ST.—In North Bridgton, Me., Professor John Avery, of Bowdoin College; in Cambridge, Mass., Charles M. Hovey, the famous pomologist, aged 77 years. SEPTEMBER 2d.—In New York, Bishop William Logan Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 70 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MISS ENDICOTT, daughter of the Secretary of War, is a reigning belle at Nahant, Mass.

GENERAL BOOTH, the leader of the Salvation Army, is planning an invasion of Zululand.

MRS. CLEVELAND has decided not to accept Mayor Hewitt's invitation to visit New York and present the flags to the Fire Department.

THERE is a hitch in the contract between Manager Harry Miner and Mrs. James Brown Potter for that lady's American appearances, and it is even possible that the latter may be indefinitely postponed.

MR. BLAINE, at Homburg, lately received, for his Sunday morning's mail, 1,030 letters from the United States—"many of them," declares an astonished newspaper correspondent, "as bulky as Government reports."

A DISTINGUISHED deputation of the Irish party will shortly visit America. As at present arranged it will consist of Arthur O'Connor, Member for Donegal, and Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart., Member for South Dublin.

HENRY G. MARQUAND's already celebrated pianocase and stools have been shipped from Europe, and invoiced at a value of \$46,590. Three years' work has been expended on them, and Tadema's decorations on the cover alone cost \$4,000. The works are to be of American make.

"THE original Sir Roger Tichborne, claimant, is acting as manager of this saloon, and can be interviewed inside." Such is the inscription displayed in front of a hotel in Chatham Square, New York city, where the notorious claimant is at present engaged in mixing potatoes for Fourth Ward patrons.

"CAMP-MEETING JOHN ALLEN," the famous Methodist local preacher, who in the course of his life had attended 374 camp-meeting sessions, died recently while in attendance upon a religious gathering in Maine. Mr. Allen was ninety-two years old. At one time he was chaplain of the Maine House of Representatives.

MR. RICHARD D. SEARS has achieved an international reputation as a tennis-player, and by his work of August 30th, at Newport, he has become permanent possessor of the world's championship trophy. America now holds the world's championship in tennis, croquet, chess, baseball, yachting, trotting, and—last but not least—in pugilism.

THE Duke of Marlborough, brother of Lord Randolph Churchill, is paying us a pleasant visit, having arrived last week on the Cunarder *Umbria*. He defines his political views by saying, "I generally vote with Lord Salisbury, but I reserve the right to differ from him." The duke will spend the remainder of the Summer season at Newport.

MR. FRANK B. LAWRENCE, the New York lawyer who acted as attorney for the National Opera Company in its lawsuits, is now the possessor of most of the artistic effects of that unfortunate organization, having, at the recent auction sale in a Jersey City skating-rink, secured for \$36,000 costumes and properties which cost the corporation \$300,000.

MRS. NELLIE GRANT-SARTORIS arrived in New York by the German steamer *Elbe* on Tuesday of last week. She was dressed plainly in black and looked well and happy, as did also her little girl who accompanied her. Colonel F. D. Grant, who met his sister at the pier, said that she was here only for a short visit, and would go to Long Branch with him.

YAN PHOU LEE, Yale '87, who recently married a young American woman of New Haven, has been made one of the editorial staff of the *Register*. He is the author of an article in the last *North American Review*, entitled, "Why I am not a Heathen," which affords an interesting comparison with that of last month, by his compatriot Wong Chin Foo, entitled, "Why am I a Heathen?"

At the Bavarian Volksfest in New York last week, Mayor Hewitt got into the affections of his German fellow-citizens by singing an old Bavarian song in their native language. There was an hospitable effort made to fill the Mayor up with Rhine wine, but his Honor hadn't spent several months in Bavaria for nothing, and his hosts found him equal to the occasion and to themselves.

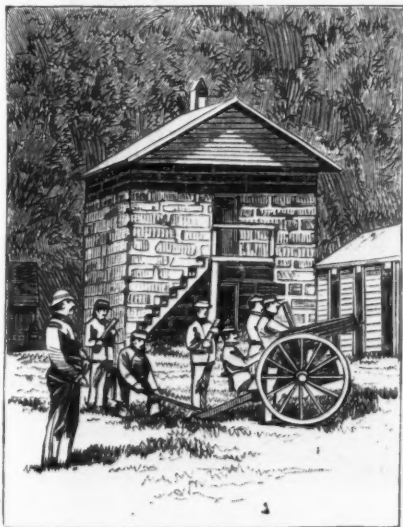
BRET HARTE, of London, has grown gray, but looks younger than he did when here ten years ago. His color is quite English. It is the fresh color of a man who lives a careful, regular life. He does not look unlike Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-general of the British Army. Mr. Harte is living very quietly and goes out but little, being engaged on a new book for which he is husbanding all his resources.

REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER, the great London preacher, who has been mentioned frequently as the possible successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the Plymouth Church pulpit, arrived in New York last week. He has come to America principally to deliver a eulogy on Mr. Beecher, whose intimate personal friend he was; but he intends to remain here several months, and to appear on the lecture platform in most of the large cities.

THE wedding of Professor F. J. H. Merrill, of Columbia College, and Miss Winifred Edgerton, of Ripon, Wis., was celebrated at Trinity Church, New York, on September 1st. The bride is a lady of mark, having studied at Columbia College and taken a degree of Ph.D. in 1886. This was the first time Columbia ever conferred a degree upon a woman. She took her B.A. degree at Smith's College, and thence went to Columbia.

THE celebrated *Revue de Paris*, which for half a century held the first rank in French literature, is to be revived in October. It will be under the management of Arsene Houssaye, Armand Silvestre and Jehan Soudan; the principal contributors being MM. Dumas, Renan, Barbey d'Aureville, Victorien Sardou, Jules Simon, Pasteur, Henry Fouquier, J. J. Weiss, Henri Rochefort, Auguste Vacquerie, Dr. Charcot, Anatole de la Forge, Camille Flammarion, and others.

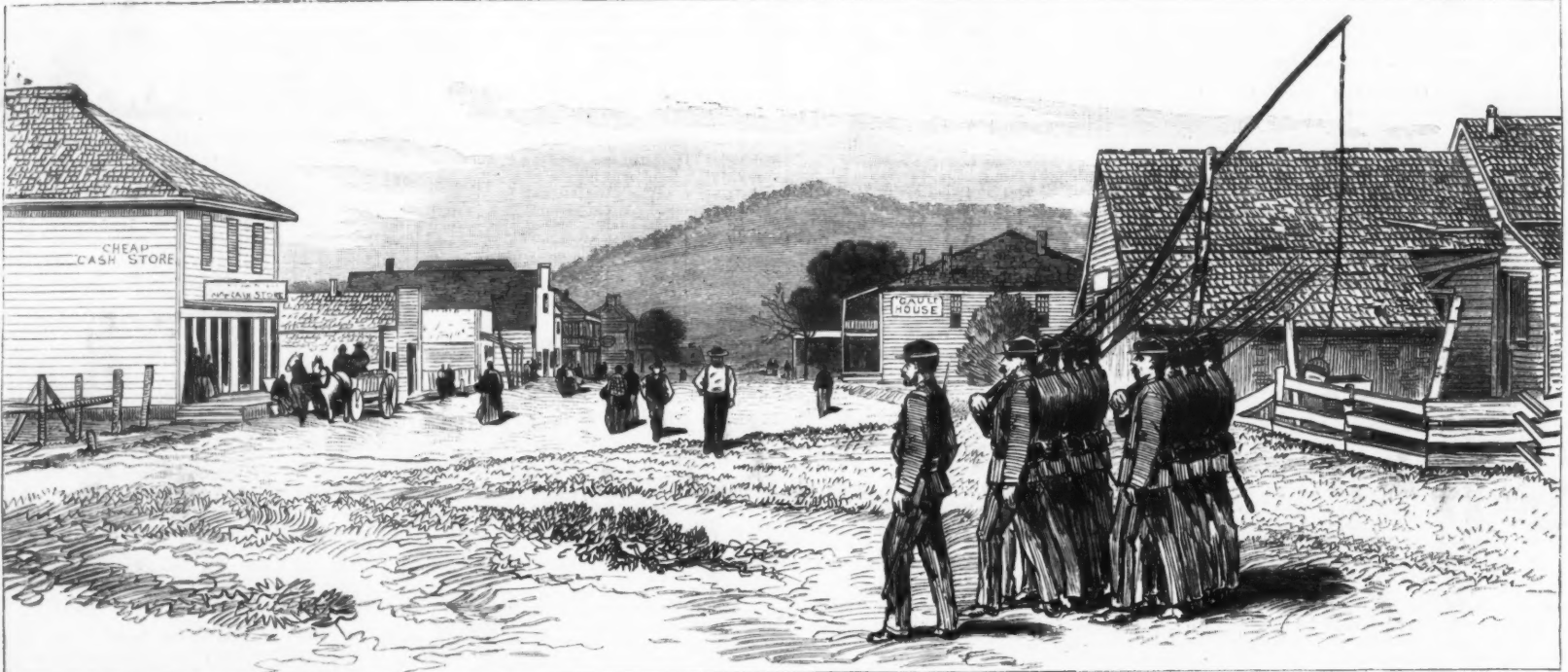
MR. GLADSTONE's approaching return to power seems to have filled him with a care as to his personal appearance. Instead of a dress-suit, exposing only a meagre little V-shaped section of his shirt-front, Mr. Gladstone now reveals in a waistcoat of most conventional U-shape, and in a display of white linen and shirt studs rivaling that of the most blooded young Tory across the House. Besides which, he has had his hair cut very short, which makes him look extremely pugnacious, and has taken to carefully trimming his whiskers.



ROWAN COUNTY JAIL.

Rowan County, two years ago, there will never be any permanent peace in such lawless counties until the Legislature wipes out those counties and takes away the bone of office over which the people are continually growling and fighting in those sparsely settled places where there are so many petty offices and incentives for political struggles. Governor Knott was on the point of refusing to send troops, when he received the following telegram from County Judge James Stuart, of Rowan: "After cool consideration of affairs I think best that soldiers be sent here at once." A request was also received from Pineville, Bell County, asking for troops. Fifty of the Louisville Legion were ordered to be ready to proceed there, and the court opened. One of the most sensational scenes of the trials occurred on August 4th, beginning with a war of words and recriminations between Boone Logan and Z. T. Young. In the examination as to the complicity of Grand Jurymen in recent murders, Logan was exasperated by Young. In answer to Young's remarks that his (Boone Logan's) character needed investigation, Logan replied: "And as for you, sir, I have undoubted proof of your actions for the last ten years that will hang you." Pistols were drawn among friends of both sides, and many an ominous click was heard resounding through the courtroom. But the cocking of the rifles of the soldiers on guard was heard to echo along the wooden walls of the flimsy structure. An order to load was heard from the outside, and the sound of the muskets told the excited crowd that the first move on the part of either party would have been followed by a deadly fire from the troops.

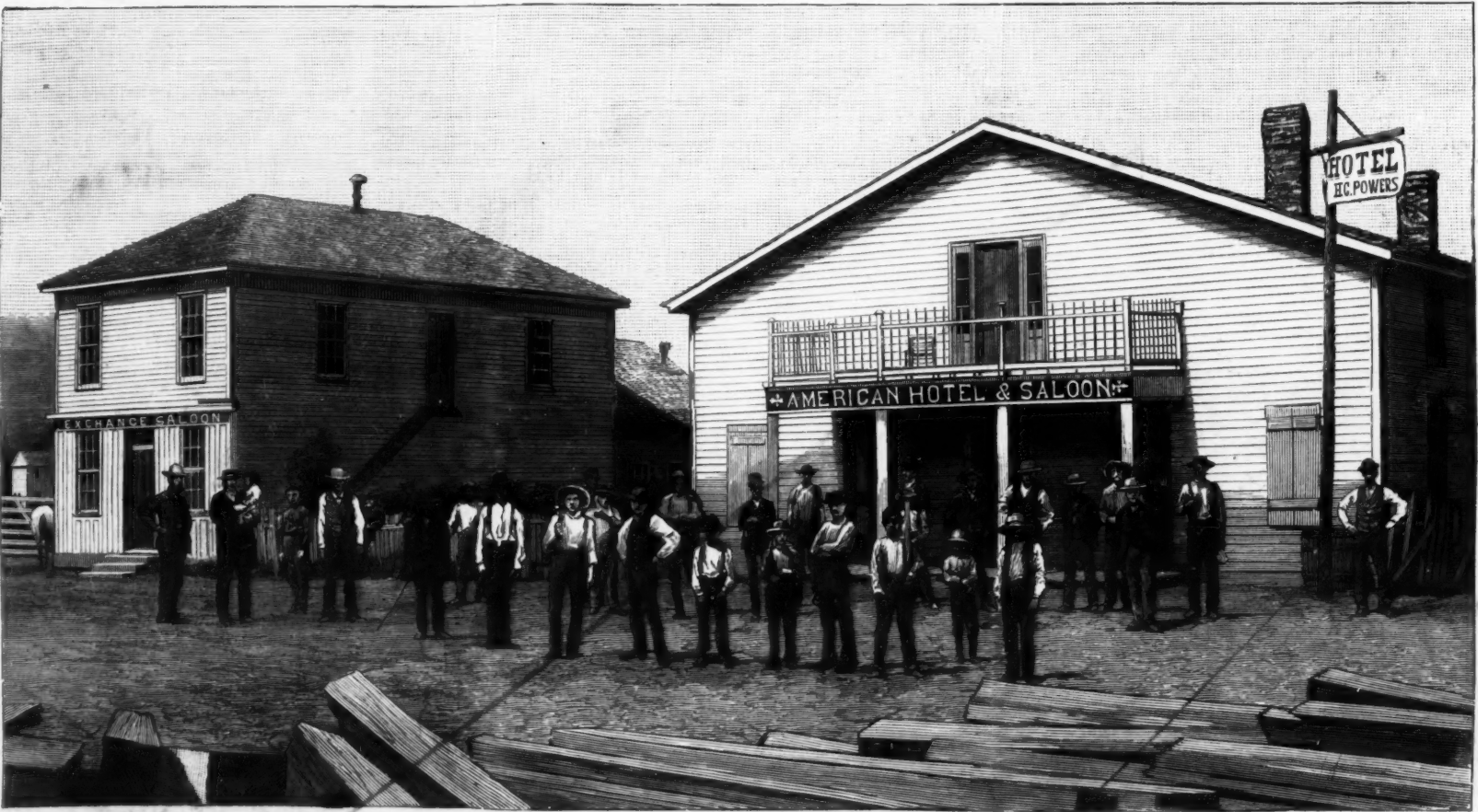
On the same day a horrible affray was reported at a place called Dry Creek, nine miles from Morehead. John Taylor, "Tim" Keeton, John Vance and Elliott Martin were on their way to court as witnesses. They were met by a gang of men, masked and armed. They were halted and their business inquired into. They refused to tell,



Headquarters of the Tolliver Faction.

Headquarters of the Martin Faction.

MAIN STREET, MOREHEAD.



Budd Tolliver's House.

THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE.

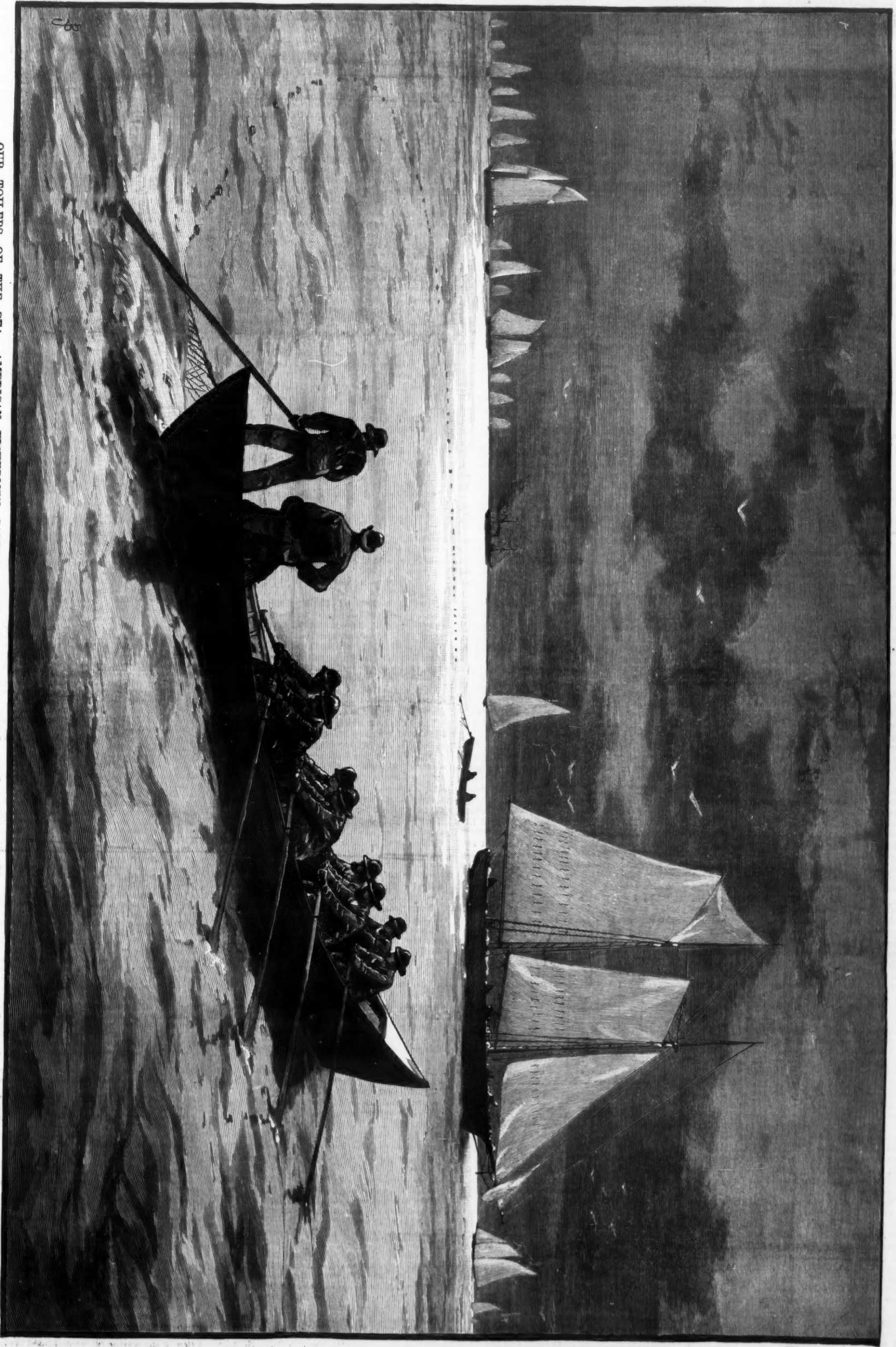
House of the late Craig Tolliver.



ROWAN COUNTY COURT-HOUSE AT MOREHEAD, WITH TROOPS ON GUARD.

KENTUCKY.—THE MARTIN-TOLLIVER VENDETTA—HEADQUARTERS OF THE FACTIONS AT MOREHEAD, ROWAN COUNTY.

FROM PHOTOS BY J. C. JUNKER.—SEE PAGE 55.



OUR TOLLERS OF THE SEA.—AMERICAN FISHERMEN CASTING NETS NEAR THE CANADIAN THREE-MILE LIMIT, IN SIGHT OF A DOMINION CRUISER.
SEE PAGE 59.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—FOR A SCRAP OF PAPER.

THE two men rose to their feet. There was no use in any attempt to disguise the fact. Mrs. Walldon was dead. She had fallen dead in the presence of these two men. Her death would have to be explained. There would have to be an inquest. Everything would have to be told. All would have to be made clear.

The situation was an embarrassing one for Thomas Girton. But he was so filled with an honesty of purpose that he did not shrink from anything. He was ready to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

He walked towards the bell, to ring for a servant. Even Mr. Tradd, with nothing at stake in the matter, had not thought of doing that.

In fact, Mr. Tradd was thinking of something else. Mr. Tradd was looking for something. Mr. Tradd had thought of something which had gone out of the mind of Dr. Girton for the time being. Mr. Tradd was looking for the letter which Mrs. Walldon—the dead Mrs. Walldon—had read aloud to them not five minutes since. He found it. He picked it up.

"Give it to me," said the doctor, pausing on his way to the bell-pull, and holding out his hand.

"No," said Mr. Tradd, putting it into his pocket; "I prefer to keep it."

The two men stood and looked one another in the face. There was danger imminent—danger for both. Mr. Tradd was not a rascal; Dr. Girton was not other than an honest and an upright man. But the two of them stood there, anxious and alert, each watching the other with the most careful attention. Girton was wondering what it would cost, of strength and quickness, to get the letter. Tradd was wondering how much it would cost him to keep it and to defend it. The fact that neither man was armed was an important one—fortunate or unfortunate, according to the views and sympathies of the one rendering an opinion on that subject. Quiet, honorable, law-loving and law-abiding men have lost their good sense, under less dangerous circumstances, many and many a time, and have been swift to walk any road to their desires—even the road which leaves the other man white and silent by the wayside for ever. It has been said that sudden insanity is a possibility for any man; similarly, murder, on the part of either of these men, would have been possible if they had possessed the means of doing such a deed.

"Give it to me," said Girton, again, after a little, taking a step forward towards Tradd. He had not yet thought out the whole matter to its natural and legitimate end. He had gone no further than to think how much better it would be for this document to come from his hands, when the cause of Mrs. Walldon's death should come to be investigated according to legal forms, than from the hands of a stranger whose presence in his house was hardly more than accidental. He had gotten no further than to a conclusion that he must have it, and a determination that he would.

"I shall not give it up to you," returned Mr. Tradd; "I wish to present it at the inquest."

"So do I."

"Do you, indeed? Well, you cannot. I shall present it myself."

Girton's reflections and self-communings took a leap in advance. Perhaps it was not his fault if the leap was a dangerous one, and to some extent a leap in the dark. This letter had been left in his house; it had been left, unless it were really a forgery, by the man he had actually loved and befriended; it was more than likely that it had been intended for him, and for him alone; of course, after the awful thing which had just happened, it would have to undergo legal scrutiny; of course he would have to try and explain away the fearful charges it contained, and failing that, he would have to endure the social martyrdom which would fall to his lot; indeed, it was more than likely that there would inevitably be something of that martyrdom for him to endure, more than likely that some men would hate him and despise him because of the scrap of paper Paul Walldon had left behind him in his flight. But this man who had it, this fellow who had taken it into his possession, who was he? He had never seen him before. He knew nothing of his character. He was not even quite certain of his name. Who was he, that he should presume to interpose his ideas and his acts across the path of duty Girton meant to bravely follow? Did he dare suspect—

The very thought was maddening, and Girton sprang at Tradd as suddenly and as fiercely as a wild beast might have sprung upon his prey. But Girton, more frenzied or less skillful than the beast would have been, missed his hopes. Tradd sprang aside, and eluded him. Safe behind a table, a moment later, he turned to Girton, and asked, mockingly:

"You'd be glad to have this little bit of paper out of the way, wouldn't you?"

Why couldn't Girton have told the man the truth? Why couldn't he have said that such a thought had not entered his mind? Why must most (or many) men, in an emergency, behave as though they had let their senses go away from them?

It was true that the absence of that scrap of paper would greatly simplify matters. It was true that the death of Mrs. Walldon would be less horrible, in its possible consequences to him, if there were no doubts to be cast on his unselfish and genuine friendship for the missing man. That evidence gone, and it made impossible for any one to reproduce it, and all the crooked

things would be made straight; he would be the honorable and the honored Thomas Girton again; and it was no more than right—no more than he deserved. He knew, at this moment, so rapidly did his fears and his hopes sway his belief, that the paper was a forgery. It was unjust that the shadow from it should darken his whole life. And yet, despite all this, despite all the facts and the temptations, he meant to lay that document before the coroner and his jury; he meant to do that; he meant it honestly and truly; but he did not mean that John Tradd should do it.

"You would like to burn it, wouldn't you?" asked Tradd, his tone more mocking than before, after he had waited as long as he felt he ought to for an answer.

Why did Girton let this man sweep prudence aside? Why did he use the very arguments the most abandoned of men would have spoken in his place? Why did he let words and tone alike give evidence against him?

"You know that paper is a forgery, do you not?" was the question he asked.

"I do. That is, I believe it is."

"And that it is a lie?"

"I think so."

"And that I was the true friend of Paul Walldon? that I am his true friend to this very day?"

"I believe it."

"Give it to me, then."

"For those reasons?"

"Yes, for those reasons."

"Never! I believe this dead lady would be alive at this moment if it hadn't been for this accursed scrap of writing. I shall not give it up. I shall see to it that it is presented at the inquest."

"So would I, if—"

Tradd laughed.

"After all you've just said? I think not. I would not trust you for a single moment, and so—"

Girton made a dash for him. He sprang over the table. Round and round the room the two men went, Girton just a little behind Tradd, until both were thoroughly tired and out of breath. Then they paused, Tradd once more in his place of vantage behind the table, and looked at one another.

"Will you give me that paper?" panted Girton. "I've said that I never will," replied Tradd. "And, God helping me, I'll keep my word."

Another dash. Another mad race round and round the room. This time Tradd stumbled and almost fell; Girton almost had him; but it ended in nothing more serious than the shivering of a large pane of glass in one of the windows because of a violent blow from one of Tradd's elbows.

This time Tradd tried a new venture. He attempted to escape from the room. The first door he tried was locked. The second opened into a closet. Before he found opportunity to try another, Girton had locked the rest and had returned the keys to his pocket.

"You cannot get away in that manner," said Girton.

"So I see."

"I have you locked in."

"I know you have."

"And you are not going out until you give me the letter you have."

"It will be some time before I go, then, for I have already told you I shall not give it up. If you prefer to have me alarm the servants, and to have them break down the doors to get at us, instead of letting me out in a proper and gentlemanly manner, you can take your choice."

"What do you mean?"

"That I shall pull the bell-rope the next time we take a run around the room."

Girton sidled along the wall of the room until he stood directly under the bell-rope.

"I think you're not likely to ring the bell at once," he said.

Tradd laughed.

"And I don't quite understand how you are going to get me without coming after me," he said, seating himself in an easy-chair on the other side of the room.

"Come," said Girton, "we are acting very foolishly. We should have had this dead woman removed from the floor here long ago. Give me the letter, and—"

"Never. I can wait or ring, as you please; but I shall not give up the letter."

A sudden thought seemed to strike Girton. He turned to where a series of small drawers had been built into the wall of the room, not many steps from the bell-rope. He tried them in turn, one after another, only to find them all locked. Then he tried his keys, Tradd lazily watching him, only to find that none of them would fit; after which, he gave himself up to thought, evidently trying to remember something regarding the drawers. Appearing to have found his thoughts satisfactory, and to have solved the problem he had set himself to do, he deliberately wrenched open one of the drawers. Puzzled and annoyed, after a hasty glance within, he broke open another drawer, and then another. Undoubtedly he had not looked in them for years, so much at fault was his memory regarding them, for it was not until he had opened the fourth (there being five in all), he found that of which he had been in search. Then, he drew a chair up to the wall where the bell-rope hung, and, standing on it and reaching as high as he could, he cut the rope off. He sprang down from the chair, moved it aside, and had almost returned the weapon to the drawer again, when a second sudden thought seemed to strike him. To this man who had kept thoughts of evil far from his life, this man who had spent his life in doing well and wisely, the fiercest and most passion-filled purpose that had ever come to him had come now. Vaguely, as he realized it, he wondered how long it had been since he stood in the room below and lied to the woman who was now lying dead almost at his feet. And, to his question, I will add another: Why

did he think of the lie in connection with this new wickedness contemplated? You may answer it, if you please. He didn't put the weapon back in the drawer. He stood holding it in his hand, clasping it more firmly than he had when he had had no more important use for it than to cut his bell-rope with it.

It was a cruel-looking thing, a marvel of Italian workmanship, with a hilt of silver and a blade of the finest and bluest steel. Sharp as a needle at the point, with both edges of the blade as keen as a razor, and not less than ten inches long, it was a formidable thing to put in the hands of a desperate man.

An hour before Girton would have recoiled from such an act. Now, he ran his thumb-nail critically along the edge of the devilish piece of metal. A curious keepsake, given him by some foreign friend, I have no doubt it had shed human blood in Italy. But that was in the cruel ages of the past. It looked out of place in the nineteenth century, out of place in America, out of place with the face of a man like Thomas Girton bent over it.

If there had been a mirror there! If only Girton could have seen himself as he was! If only he could have looked into his own eyes, reflected from the truthful glass, and have seen how far he had gone and how far he was going! But he had no such help; men all too often lack just the help they need. There was nothing to show him that he was almost a fiend in appearance, as he raised his eyes from the glittering blade, looked at Tradd, and smiled!

Tradd was as pale as death. His limbs trembled a little. He would have found it hard to run. But he retained enough control of his voice to speak with at least a semblance of calmness.

"Surely—surely Dr. Girton," he began, "you do not intend—"

"I do. I intend to have that letter."

"But I have said you cannot have it."

"I will have it."

"You know what it will cost?"

"I know what it will cost you."

"And you?"

"Nothing."

"Conscience—sleepless nights—remorse?"

"Nonsense."

"But how can you justify—"

"Justify? What is there to justify? You are an intruder, a trespasser, a thief. You have stolen a letter which I value. I have an undoubted right to protect my property and my honor, and I am going to do so."

"You—you mean that?"

"I mean it."

Poor Thomas Girton! He is not the first good man who has found the lies of sophistry attractive and convenient. His is not the only case in which desire has boldly pronounced itself right and just. I have no doubt he was quite ready to take the letter by force, using as much as he found necessary, after which, paradoxical as it may appear, he would undoubtedly have given it up to the officers of the law. I shall not write condemnation of Thomas Girton. I will only say that I am sincerely sorry for him.

There was no running now. Tradd looked over his shoulder at the broken window, anxious to rush to it and cry for help, but it was too far away. To turn his back to the man who was slowly coming nearer and nearer to him would be to give his enemy every advantage, and to throw away all hope. And yet—there was an easy and simple way of escape. He had only to give Girton the letter, the letter which belonged to Girton, the letter he had no right to touch or read or listen to, the letter which Girton had an undoubted right to have, and all conflict between them would be at an end. Only—he would not do it; he would never do it: John Tradd was of that stubborn stock of which martyrs are made; he would not give Thomas Girton the letter, though he died for it.

Nearer and nearer came Girton. Tradd laid his hand on a chair. This article of furniture was light and frail; it would not be much of a weapon, even in the hands of a desperate man at bay; Girton's Italian blade would make speedy work with it, there was no reasonable doubt of that. And yet, just as drowning men are said to catch at straws, John Tradd caught at this one hope left him. It might be that the servants had heard the races they two had had around the room; possibly the falling glass from the broken window had given the alarm outside; the chair would be an instrument of defense to as great a degree as delaying the end—though it could not well be more.

And delay might mean much. It might mean everything. Help might come at any moment.

Slowly Tradd retreated around the room, and slowly Girton followed him. Neither said a word. Each watched for an advantage over the other. Tradd had a half-formed hope, as he dragged the light chair along, that he might have an opportunity of knocking Girton's weapon from his hand, perhaps the lucky chance of securing it for himself. As for Girton, the wild thoughts of his hot brain had evidently fully convinced him that Tradd was all he had called him; he meant to do with him as he would have done with any man he had found prowling about inside his house at night—if he could.

Tradd had almost forgotten the presence of the body of Mrs. Walldon. He nearly stumbled over it, as he passed the window close to where she lay, and so came near to losing the letter then and there, together with everything else the loss of which would have been incidental to that of the letter. He recovered himself, however, and the two men stood and glared at each other. Tradd had escaped for once. Escaped? How long would it be so? Would help never come? He fancied he could hear whispers in the hall, and cautious footsteps just beyond the great doors. He was not sure. How could he be? He did not

know that it might not be that his overwrought nerves were playing him false.

But he half believed that Girton, too, heard what he thought he did, for the doctor leaned towards him, across the body of the dead, and spoke in a whisper: "Give it to me, Tradd, for God's sake."

An inspiration seemed to come to Tradd. He took the paper from his pocket. He made a motion as though he would hand it to the doctor, and Girton's stern look relaxed and his eyes grew soft. Then, suddenly, the letter was rolled into a round wad; Tradd threw it out through the window.

"There," he cried, triumphantly; "go and hunt for it in your garden."

Hunt for it? In his garden? Do you know what you have done? Can you guess? It will be long, very long, before either of you see that terrible letter again? What have—

Saved your life? Is that it, John Tradd? You are correct in that.

Tradd knew at once that he had succeeded. The doctor had meant to get the letter, and had only meant to use the necessary violence to that end. Out of Tradd's power to give it to him, he had nothing more for which to follow Tradd, and—

Just then there was a sudden rush in the hall. The great door came splintering in and down. A couple of officers sprang into the room, followed by a half-dozen prominent citizens, Girton's servants, and, last of all, by Girton's wife.

It was a strikingly dramatic scene upon which the newcomers gazed; Tradd grasping the chair, which he had half lifted from the floor; Girton facing him with his hellish Italian weapon in his hand; and the body of Mrs. Walldon lying between them, her dead eyes looking straight by and beyond them, out through ceiling and roof and sky, out of the world in which they have for ever lost all interest, and with her dead lips seemingly ready to speak some terrible message—a message with which they shall never grow eloquent until she stands before God's throne, in the last great day, and gives her simple evidence against the man who forged her boy's name to a cowardly and cruel lie, and so broke her heart.

(To be continued.)

FLUSHING'S ANTIQUE BUILDINGS.

THE ancient town of Flushing lies but half a score of miles from New York, on Long Island's beautiful northern shore. It began life long ago, in 1643, history has it, under a grant of the Dutch Governor Kieft, afterwards renewed by the English Governor Dongan, and is now an exceedingly attractive village of 8,000 souls. This week our artist shows two famous structures that stand within its limits—the old Bowne mansion and the Quaker meeting-house. The mansion is the older of the two. Stout John Bowne came to Flushing, then Vlissingen—a Dutch name out of which Flushing came, under the twisting of English tongues—among the first of the settlers; he and his old father, Thomas, the latter born in Matlocks, Derbyshire, in 1595; this John coming into the world March 9th, 1627, and getting to America a lusty young man. He built this Bowne house, as it is now well called, in 1661, and for a year kept it open, a haven of refuge for the persecuted Quakers and other sectaries fleeing from New England and Puritan intolerance.

Petrus Stuyvesant—Hard Koppig old Peter of the wooden leg—then Governor of the New Netherlands, could ill brook such scandalous kindness, and had his sheriff haul John Bowne to New Amsterdam, that he might be fined twenty-five pounds for his charity; which John Bowne, being obdurate, refuses to pay, and gets himself shipped off to Holland in irons, with a fine burst of rage from the Hard Koppig, to be there better punished; a thing which failed to happen, for, instead, the Government set him free, and rated the hard-headed Peter roundly for his meddling.

Bowne spent several years in Europe, coming back in 1665 to find Peter gone and English Richard Nicolls ruling in his stead, with no more trouble for Quakers. His house became a meeting-place for the sect, and so remained until 1695, when the church was built. Within it lodged George Fox when he came to expound the Quaker faith in 1672, but it could not hold those who came to hear him, so he spoke under the shade of two noble oaks, twin giants, on the green. One blew down in 1841 in a great gale; the other stood until its years and the relic-hunters wore it away—this but a little time ago. Now the Parsons family—descendants of old settlers, too, and intermarried with the Bownes—dwell in it. A furnace heats and gas illuminates it, but the oak rafters and floors are unchanged; the tall old clock ticks as busily as it has for two hundred years, and the big-legged table that knew George Fox is still in use, with many a relic and document of the long-ago to keep it company, and it forms one of the great attractions of the pretty town.

The Quaker church has been in use since the day its doors first opened, for Flushing's Quaker society was long the strongest in the State; so strong, that it framed and sent to New York the first Quaker church of that town, and set it up for the poor brethren there. Its prosperity was divided by the Hicksite schism, and part of the congregation went by itself to worship, while the Hicksites kept the fold.

During all the Revolution the British held Flushing, and Benedict Arnold, in his scarlet coat, lay there with his command in 1783. They did nothing worse to the town than to steal its cattle. The two structures are walled to defy time, and will long grace the town. Family pride has turned the Bowne house into as much of a well-cared-for museum as a dwelling, and the old meeting-house rests secure on its broad foundations—both noble links reaching back to a brave and sturdy past.

A RED MAN'S RAILROAD.

IN this age, when the most widely separated portions of our country, in every direction, are being linked together with steel rails, the building of a new railroad does not attract the attention that it did in former years. We illustrate this week, however, an incident in railway construction which lays claim upon our interest because of its absolute novelty. The subject of our illustration is the driving of the first spike on the only

"Indian" railroad on record—in other words, a road planned, constructed and owned by Matthias Splitlog, a wealthy Indian of Wyandotte, Kan. The line is to be known as the Kansas City, Fort Smith and Southern Railroad, and will connect Kansas City and Fort Smith. About thirty-five miles of the road are already graded, and track-laying was commenced, on August 22d, at Neosho, Mo., a thriving town in the southwestern part of the State, and the county seat of Newton, where the proposed road will form a junction with the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad. The main offices of the new road will be placed in this town with a view of developing it into an important railroad centre. Matthias Splitlog, the sole projector and capitalist of the road, is an enterprising man. Being the fortunate owner of real estate at Wyandotte, near Kansas City, he was one of the Indians to hold fast to his property until the tremendous rise in real estate took place at that point. That is one of the main sources of his wealth, but the extent of his present fortune will be better appreciated when it is stated that the silver spike driven to signalize the commencement of track-laying on the new road was made of silver taken from mines owned by this same Indian Croesus. There was a noticeable stir among the people of Neosho on the day when the ceremony of driving the first spike was observed. Long before the hour appointed, hundreds of the townspeople and visitors from all parts of the surrounding country gathered at the crossing of the San Francisco and Kansas City Roads, where the spike was to be driven. Bands of music played, and, upon the proposal of Mayor Bell of Neosho, hundreds of voices joined in a cheer for the enterprising and public-spirited Indian millionaire.

OUR FISHERMEN AND THE FISHERIES.

THE interesting picture on page 57 shows how our fishermen on the broad seas work under the guns, as it were, of the Canadian cruisers. The onerous three-mile limit is no dead letter. Apropos of this subject, Senator Sherman has just published a card denying the statement in circulation to the effect that in an interview with Senator Ogilvie, of the Dominion Government, he justified the action of that Government in the fisheries matter. He says, in fact, that he took the exactly opposite view, and said that while the Canadian Government had legally the right to exclude American fishermen within the three-mile limit of their shore, it was an act of bad policy to do so, and that their denial to American fishermen of the commercial rights to seek shelter and buy bait and supplies in Canadian ports was inconsistent with the civilized and generous policy of modern commercial nations, and that he hoped it would be promptly abandoned, as the best preparation for more intimate commercial relations between the United States and the Dominion Government.

The appointment, last week, of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain to the head of the Royal Commission to represent British interests in the North American Fisheries Convention will probably be welcomed by Americans, as the late Radical leader is eminently a man of business and common-sense. Some months ago, it will be remembered, an agreement was effected between the United States Minister to England and the Foreign Office there to refer the question in dispute—of Canadian fisheries—to a special Anglo-American convention to be constituted for the purpose of settling the points at issue. This has been approved by the State Department at Washington, and it is on account of this concession on the part of the English Government that President Cleveland has not before now exercised the authority given him by Congress to close the United States ports to Canadian fishermen.

BAR HARBOR AND THEREABOUTS.

THE neighborhood of Bar Harbor, the famous Summer resort of Mount Desert Island, Me., abounds in picturesque nooks and corners, and charming bits of wild scenery. The most popular way of approach to the island is undoubtedly by the sea, for, in coming that way, the visitor obtains the best view of the coast of "hundred-harbored Maine," with its deep fiords, bold peninsulas, and archipelagos of islands resting in quiet and extensive bays. It is a pleasant introduction to Mount Desert, this view from the sea, and one of its striking features on nearing the land is Bass Rock Light, shown in one of our illustrations. Bass Rock Light is a handsome lighthouse, perched upon a bold cliff. It is a comfortable-looking place, with a pretty cottage surrounded by a garden and bright green lawn, which runs down to the rough black rocks. These evidences of comfort and cultivation show that the lighthouse is never, as are most of these night sentinels, visited by the stormy sea-waves. Its position is one of quiet and security. Deer Island is another point of interest to the tourist. It lies to the southwest of Mount Desert, and has one town of about 3,500 inhabitants, devoted to the deep-sea fisheries. If the visitor is on board the Portland steamer, he will leave Deer Island and round the island shores with their rock-bound cliffs and overhanging mountains, steaming northwest until he comes in sight of the seashore at Bar Harbor. The general view of the village and its surroundings is very pretty. The mountains here lose their former hard and forbidding look, and the shore-line, with its gray cliffs and brown heather and bordering trees, is seen. From Bar Harbor, excursions on foot, in "buck-boards," and on horseback, can be made in numerous picturesque directions. One of the points of interest most often visited—and it may be reached by water or land—is known as "The Ovens," a peculiar freak of nature, of which our illustration gives a good idea. "The Ovens" are immense caves on the northern side of the island. They run from the sea far inland, and the waves have some fine effects of beach and worn rocks and bright and dripping ledges. "Split Rock," another of our illustrations, is a curious rift in a huge mass of rock along the shore. It is probably one of the many strange effects which the waves have produced on the Mount Desert coast, and which add so much to the popularity of the island as a Summer resort.

OHIO AT GETTYSBURG.

THE beautiful shaft depicted in the engraving on page 53 is the first of Ohio's monuments to be erected on the Gettysburg battlefield. It is that of the Fourth Infantry Regiment, which belonged to Carroll's Brigade and aided in dislodging the Louisiana "Tigers" from the hill upon which it stands, on the evening of the second day's battle. The structure is of white bronze, and

stands thirty feet high, seven feet square at the base, and surmounted with the figure of a soldier at "parade rest." A six-foot shaft, the State's memorial to the detached companies of this regiment, with knapsack and canteen thrown over the top, made of the same material, will be placed on the Emmitsburg Road, near the Philadelphia Brigade monuments, on the flank of Pettigrew's Division when on the support of Pickett's charge. Other Ohio monuments are to follow immediately.

GENERAL MILES'S GOLD SWORD.

A GRACEFUL and well-deserved honor is that bestowed upon General Nelson A. Miles by his Arizona admirers, in the presentation of the superb ornamental sword herewith depicted. The presentation took place at Tucson, on the 4th inst., the anniversary of the surrender of Geronimo and the hostile Apaches. Soon after the ending of the campaign a popular subscription was started to raise one thousand dollars for the purpose of presenting General Miles with a testimonial sword. The subscriptions were confined to civilians within the boundaries of Arizona. The amount was readily raised, and could easily have been trebled.

The shield of the guard of the sword is formed by three eagle heads and outspread wings, signifying protection; on one of the wings, and caught by a few feathers, are the initials "N. A. M.," modeled after a study from the Arizona cactus, and on the other wing, the letters "U. S.," in the same treatment.

The guard is formed of eagle feathers, around which is entwined the American flag, and at the end finished by a portrait head of the Indian Chief Natchez. The extreme top of the hilt is covered with Indian ornaments in which is set a large sapphire asteria, weighing fifty-six and a half carats.



This stone, according to East Indian tradition, gives courage to the wearer and preserves him from evil spirits. In front of this top is an eagle whose wings encircle it, who holds in his extended talons the pipe and a tomahawk, emblems of peace and war.

The grip is of white enamel banded with fine lines of beaded gold. On the blade appears in relief, on one side, "General Nelson A. Miles"; on the other side, "Presented September 4th, 1887, at Tucson, Arizona."

The scabbard, which is of solid gold, is decorated with Indian scenes, commencing with a representation of an Indian camp and reservation, a consultation of officers, a start of infantry and cavalry in pursuit of Apaches, a surprise of Indians in ambush, the fight, the capture of Geronimo, and the taking of captives to the railroad station for transportation back to the reservation. The reverse side of the scabbard bears the inscription: "Presented by the people of Arizona, in grateful acknowledgment of distinguished services in the capture and removal of Geronimo and the hostile Apaches."

The toe, or extreme end of the scabbard, is a carefully modeled portrait of Chief Geronimo. The entire sword, with the exception, of course, of the blade, is of gold of a subdued color, or what is termed nugget finish.

The sword was manufactured by Tiffany & Co., who have made many rich presentation swords, and they state that in real artistic excellence it is one of the best, if not the very best, they have made.

THE BANNER EPISODE AT WHEELING.

THE reunion of the G. A. R. posts of Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia, at the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, held at Wheeling, August 22d-27th, was marked towards its close by two incidents which have become the talk of the nation. The first of these two incidents, of which an exact portrayal is given on our front page, occurred at the great parade of the Grand Army posts, on the afternoon of Friday, the 26th ult. The city had been very elaborately decorated, and early Thursday morning the employees of the *Daily Register*, of which James B. Tancy is editor and manager, threw across Market Street a 12-by-24-foot banner, bearing a mammoth portrait of President Cleveland above, and below the picture being the inscription, "God bless our President, Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy." The appearance of the banner created some feeling among the G. A. R. men when it was first placed in position, as everybody knows that the veterans and the President have not been on speaking terms since the latter's unfortunate order concerning the battle-flags.

Further provocation was furnished by an article in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, which referred to the fire-eating qualities of Editor Tancy and his willingness to see his office wrecked before he would remove the banner. In the parade, when the head of the first division, composed of Pennsylvania veterans, reached the *Register* office, Post No. 41, which led the advance, went squarely under the flag. The succeeding posts, however, turned aside and crowded into the gutter to avoid passing under the banner, and either dropped their colors or trailed them along the ground as they went by. As organization after organization went by in this manner, the excitement in the great throng of spectators became intense, and cheers and groans were alternately given. At a great meeting of 20,000 people, which immediately followed the parade, an attempt was made to smooth over the matter. Governor Foraker said he honored the sentiment expressed on the banner, and hoped that all would concur in it. This, however, did nothing to allay the prevailing excitement.

The second incident was of a political nature, and occurred on the evening of the same day. Its scene was the McClure House, where Governors Wilson of West Virginia, Foraker of Ohio, and Beaver of Pennsylvania, were quartered. A Pittsburgh band came down to the hotel to serenade the three notables. Governor Wilson first appeared upon the balcony, and during his address took exceptions to the use Governor Foraker had made of the word "rebel" in his address at the camp-fire in the afternoon. A. B. Hay, a prominent Pittsburgher, championed Foraker, and "poured hot shot" into Wilson. Foraker followed, and made use of language more spirited than dignified towards Wilson. The latter replied hotly, and the result was that a heated debate was kept up between the two for more than two hours. Beneath the balcony the streets were packed with veterans and Wilson's friends, each faction cheering. Excitement was intense on all sides, and but for cool heads a riot might have ensued.

This encounter has, of course, been viewed in different lights by partisans of both sides; but sober opinion generally deprecates it. The banner episode, too, is deplorable, especially as there is some danger of its being re-enacted during the National Encampment of the Grand Army at St. Louis. A sensible view of the matter is that taken by General Pearson, who is a Democrat, and who said in a recent interview: "I am a delegate to the National Encampment, and I am sorry the St. Louis newspapers and people have continued the Wheeling trouble. While I cannot speak authoritatively in the matter, it is my opinion that if the G. A. R. was compelled to march under obnoxious banners in the parade there would be trouble of a serious nature. I think the best course we can adopt is to go to St. Louis, attend to the routine business of our annual meeting, and after that adjourn. There is no necessity for a parade, and it is only done in honor of the people who are kind enough to invite us to their city."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

STEEL-FRAMED cabs are now being manufactured in England, with a view to lightness and greater durability than if wood were used for the purpose.

The prize of \$10,000 offered by the French Government for the most valuable discovery relating to the utilization of electricity is to be awarded next December. It is for any use or application of electricity, namely, as a source of heat, of light or of chemical action, as a means of transmission of mechanical power, or of verbal communication in any form, or, finally, as a curative agent.

PAPER window-glass is now said to be an assured fact. As described: "A window-pane is made of white paper, manufactured from cotton or linen, and modified by chemical action. Afterwards the paper is dipped in a preparation of camphor and alcohol, which makes it like parchment. From this point it can be molded and cut into remarkably tough sheets entirely transparent, and it can be dyed with almost the whole of the aniline colors, the result being a transparent sheet, showing far more vivid hues than the best glass exhibits."

An Irishman, Mr. Francis Hazlett, has invented, and an Irish company have bought out, a mechanical apparatus for blowing glass bottles which dispenses with the old-fashioned method of blowing glass by the mouth. Hitherto it has been thought impossible to improve upon the human lungs, and so the glass-blowers of the world have gone on puffing themselves away at forty-two years of age, which is the low average of life among these handicraftsmen. The new invention dispenses entirely with the human lungs, and injects the air into the molten glass by an air-pump not unlike an ordinary syringe in shape and action. This is fastened to the ordinary blow-pipe, and makes little difference to the workman in handling.

A NEWLY patented composition for the removal and erasure of writing-inks or writing-fluids from paper, cloth and all other substances which writing-fluids and inks may come in contact with, without injury to the paper or other substance, consists of the following ingredients: Four quarts of water, four ounces of citric acid, twelve to sixteen ounces of strong solution of borax and three-quarters of a pound of chloride of lime. In preparing the composition two quarts of water which had been previously boiled and cooled are taken. Four ounces of citric acid are added, and, after the acid has been dissolved, six to eight ounces of a strong strained solution of borax are added, after which the whole may be put in a bottle or suitable receptacle.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

M. STAMBULOFF is Premier of the new Bulgarian Cabinet.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has been ordered by the President to command the United States troops on the occasion of the coming celebration in Philadelphia.

A NATURAL gas "well" of enormous capacity has been struck near Louisville, Ky., and a boom rivaling those of Pittsburg, Pa., and Findlay, O., is confidently predicted.

WITH the 1st of September the season for shooting many varieties of game began, and from all reports the sport this year is going to be uncommonly good, both East and West.

It is stated that a "huge syndicate" has taken possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and will operate it in sympathy with the New Jersey Central and branch roads.

LOCKPORT, a Pennsylvania hamlet, is being devastated by black diphtheria, caused by stagnant water collected by the obstruction of an aqueduct by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

THE receipts of the Treasury averaged over a million dollars a day during August. Despite the unusually large pension payments, the surplus for that month is more than \$7,500,000.

ZUNIGA, the Mexican Wiggins, claimed the recent slight earthquake in Mexico as a fulfillment of his sinister forecast. It was nineteen days behind time, and "no great shakes" after all.

TWO SECRETARIES of the French Minister of War have been arrested for disclosing to the *Figaro* a plan for carrying out the mobilization scheme, which the Government wished to keep secret.

THE *London Times* has begun a series of articles describing a visit to America. Its correspondent proposes to "give a full account of the prodigy of cities, New York, and then pass to the great cities westward."

ABOUT 400 foreign physicians and from 2,500 to 3,000 of this country are in attendance at the International Medical Congress in Washington, which opened on Monday last, President Cleveland attending.

THE President has appointed S. S. Carlisle, of Louisiana, to be Minister Resident and Consul-general of Bolivia, and James C. Quigg, of Pennsylvania, to be Consul of the United States at Port Stanley and St. Thomas, Ont.

THE *London Life* estimates the number of American visitors to England this year at 90,000. It places the average expenditure of each American tourist there at £100, resulting in benefits to English tradespeople of over \$4,000,000.

THE American colony in Paris are talking about raising a fund by subscriptions among themselves and their fellow-citizens at home for the erection in the French capital of colossal statues of Washington and Lafayette, by way of return for the magnificent gift of Bartholdi's "Liberty."

FROM the latest letters of Stanley, which bear a date subsequent to that of the rumors of his death, it appears probable that he is now with Emin Pasha, and that he met with little opposition on the latter part of his route, the tribes of that region being so broken up by wars that they are now not at all formidable.

A GANG of night watchmen, paid by private persons to protect property in Plainfield, N. J., have been trying to burn up the town for two years past, simply to emphasize the necessity for their existence. Seven of the villains have been arrested, and others are implicated and will be arrested later. These men have been the cause of 100 fires, with losses amounting to more than \$100,000.

THE *Umbria's* passenger list last week included the names of twenty-four prominent physicians from London, Liverpool, Hull, Amsterdam, Paris and Berlin. They have come to attend the Medical Congress at Washington, and many of them intend making tours of the country. Their number includes Dr. T. A. Marston, Deputy Surgeon-general of the British Army, and several specialists well-known both in this country and abroad.

A SPECIAL from Meeker, dated September 1st, says that a conference between Governor Adams and General Crook resulted in Crook agreeing to place two companies of Government troops on the line between the Uintah Reservation and Colorado for the protection of settlers, and hereafter to keep the Utes out of Colorado. The Utes are to have their horses returned, and will receive payment out of the surplus of their own annuity for such stock as has been lost.

AN exciting event of the week in Havana, was the unexpected visit of Captain-general Marin to the Custom-house to ascertain the cause of the decrease in the proceeds from customs. All the employees were discharged and new appointments made. On the subsequent day, and for several days following, public demonstrations took place, both in favor of and against General Marin's severe measures, and the troops were called out to quell the riots. Quiet is gradually being restored.

THE *Mohican*, a steam pleasure yacht from Scotland, having on board Mr. Robert Clark, a part owner of the *Thistle*, and some of the racer's supplemental crew, has arrived in New York after a rough voyage. On the way over she rescued the shipwrecked crew of the sailing-vessel *Lilian*. The *Mohican* is 207 feet long; her greatest breadth is 27 feet, and her total tonnage is about 700. She is elegantly furnished, and has all the latest improvements, including electric lighting.

THE last of the contracts which Sing Sing Prison had with outside manufacturers ended the first of this month, thus putting a stop to contract labor there. The manufacture of articles by the prisoners will not be interrupted, however. The same number of convicts will be employed, but instead of the outside companies using them to manufacture their goods and paying the State for their work, the State will employ the convicts to do the work and the companies will purchase the product.

THE French Army mobilization scheme, which is now under way, is to be allowed full swing until the 15th of September. The locality designated by wise prudence is the neighborhood of Toulouse, thus giving no possibility of umbrage to Germany. The Seventeenth Corps is the one selected, under command of General Breault, who was General Boulanger's predecessor at Clermont-Ferrand. The most important days will be the 9th, 10th, 12th and 13th, on which all the handling of the whole corps on a war footing will be done and the real fighting be tried.



WEST VIRGINIA.—GOVERNOR E. WILLIS WILSON.
SEE PAGE 59.

insurance association with three thousand members—which position she still occupies, having the management of the daily work of the office. Miss Vaughn is much respected by the members of the League, and by her neighbors in Richmond County. She is a fine engraver, and the *Penman's Art Journal* ranks her among the very best self-taught penwomen in America. She is also a skillful elocutionist, having given readings with the late Mrs. Vandenhoff.

The appointment of Miss Vaughn as notary was secured through the efforts of Hamilton Willcox on behalf of the Woman Suffrage party, and was indorsed by the officers and many members of the League, and by leading citizens of Richmond County, where she lives, and whence she was appointed. As there was no vacancy in the number of notaries there, Mr. John L. Dobson, Excise Commissioner, chivalrously resigned the office of notary to make an opening for Miss Vaughn.

HARNESSING THE NIAGARA.

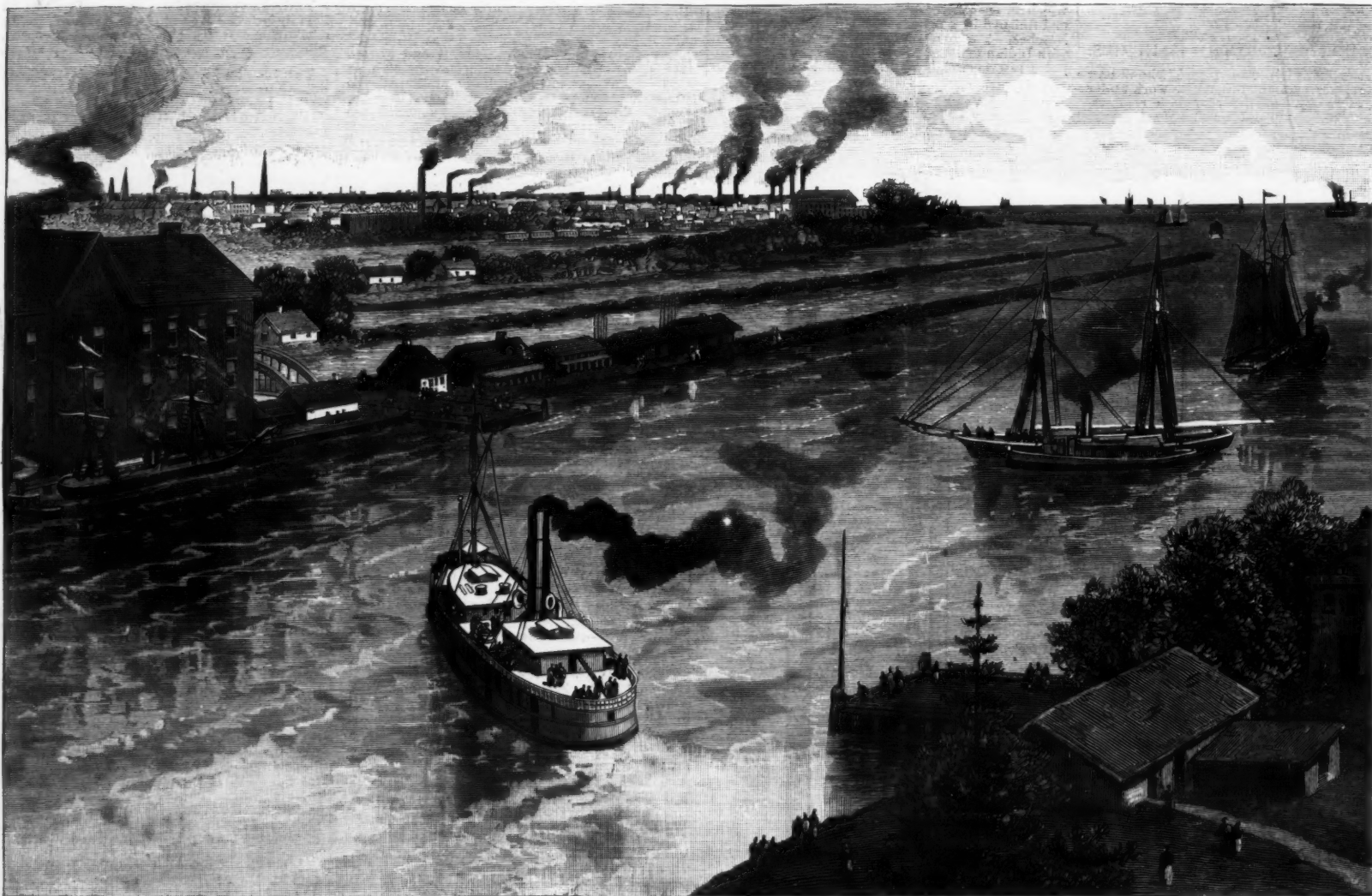
THE attempt to utilize the power of the Niagara River is by no means a new thing; but it has never before taken such a practical shape as it has since the formation of the Business Men's Association of Buffalo, who now offer \$100,000 for an invention or plan that will accomplish the desired object. Seventy thousand dollars of the entire amount of the prize money has been subscribed, and without solicitation.

The names of Buffalo's most prominent and wealthy men are on the roll of the Association, and if the plan is at all feasible, it will not fail for lack of money and energy.

The committee are about to issue a circular to the Press, in which



NEW YORK.—MISS EMILIE VAUGHN, NOTARY PUBLIC.



NEW YORK.—THE PROJECT TO UTILIZE THE POWER OF NIAGARA RIVER—VIEW OF THE STREAM AT THE FOOT OF FERRY STREET, BUFFALO, WITH LAKE ERIE IN THE DISTANCE.
FROM A SKETCH BY J. D. SHAW.

MISS VAUGHN, NOTARY.

MISS EMILIE VAUGHN, whose portrait we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, is a handsome young lady of Staten Island, whom Governor Hill has appointed a notary public. She is a native of Brooklyn. While she was yet a child, fortune compelled her family to reside in an obscure hamlet, where educational advantages were scarce. Though she never had but a few months' schooling, Miss Vaughn takes pride in the fact that she has earned her living since she was twelve years of age. From the few books within her reach she educated herself, and gained not only reputation, but livelihood, as a writer. At the age of eighteen she applied to a leading business college in Brooklyn for an engagement as teacher of rudimentary branches, and was successful. For nine months she taught, and at the same time learned all the higher branches of a business education. Finally her health gave way under the strain, and she was forced to stop. For a time Miss Vaughn taught a public school; then she became the assistant of Dr. S. A. Robinson, of West Brighton, Staten Island. After two years of this experience, she became Assistant Secretary of the Jewelers' League of New York, a mutual life



MISSOURI.—MATTHIAS SPLITLOG, THE MILLIONAIRE INDIAN, DRIVING THE FIRST SPIKE ON HIS RAILROAD, AT NEOSHO.

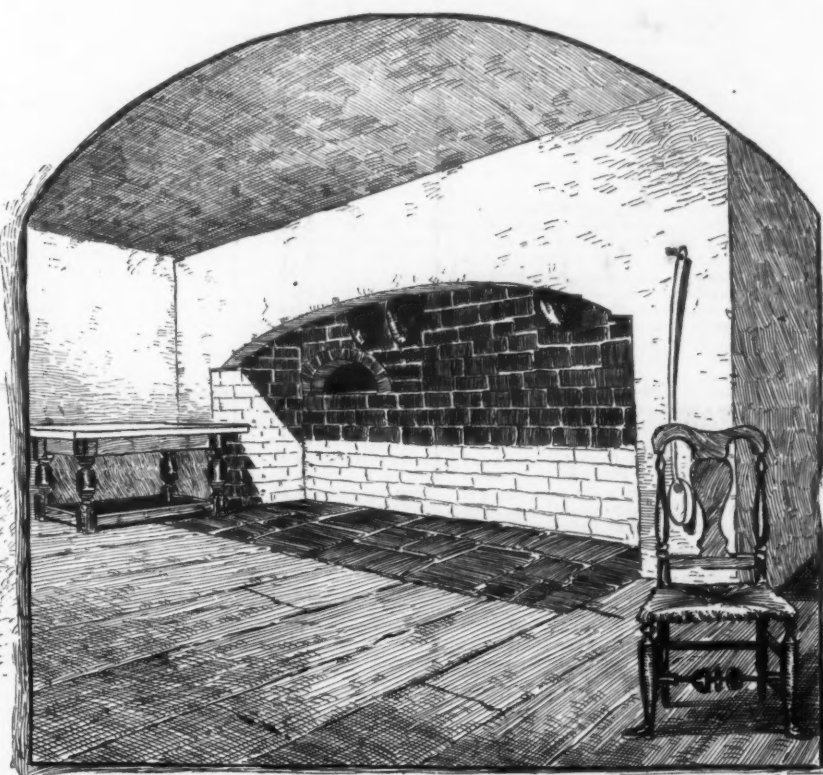
PHOTO. BY H. C. SITTLER.—SEE PAGE 58.

they invite inventors and engineers to submit any plans, suggestions or inventions to the committee for inspection during the competitive examination, and giving all information that would be of service in perfecting those plans. A day will be appointed upon which the examination will commence, and it will be well advertised in the daily Press of the country long before the time. The competition is open to all, and it promises to be a most interesting event on account of the number of wonderful and unique inventions which are expected. Already more than a dozen models are ready to be placed in the hands of the committee.

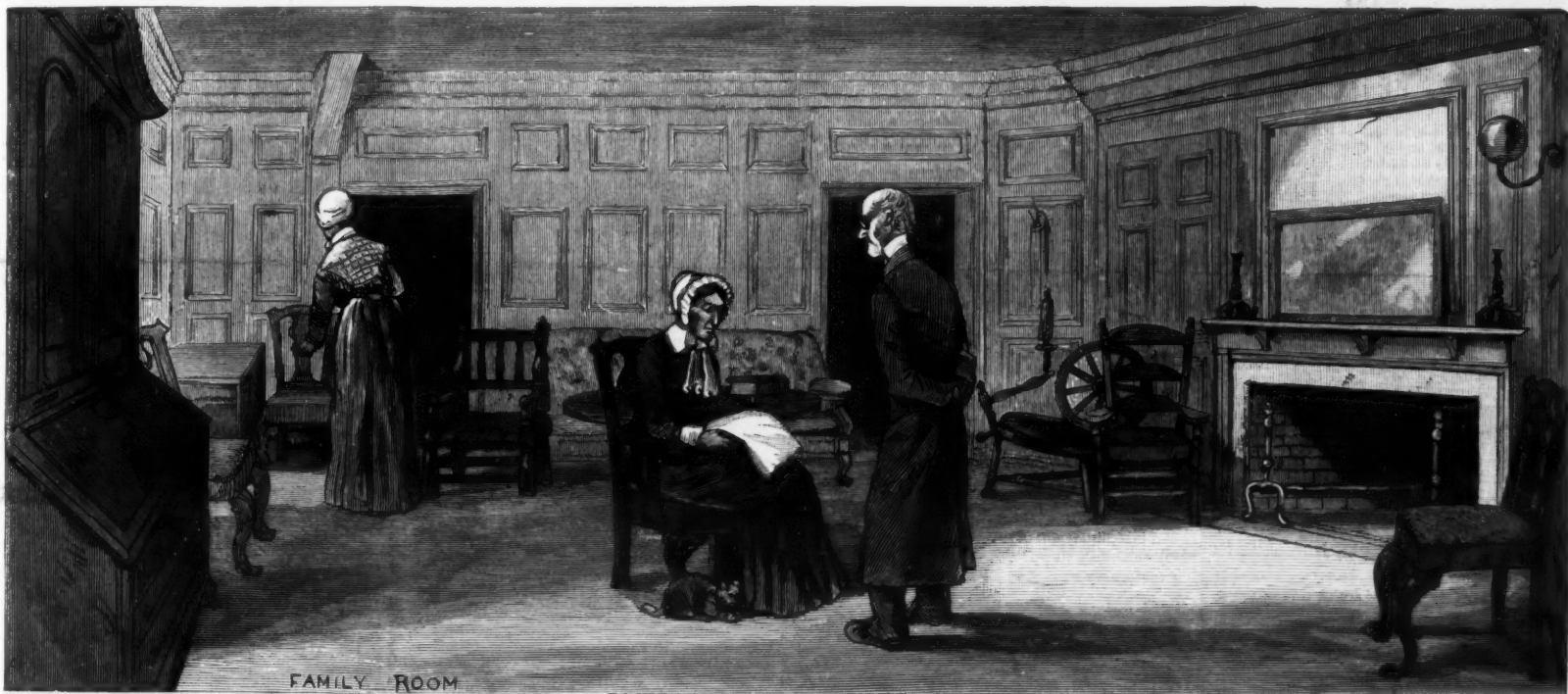
The spot selected as the most available portion of the river in which to place the motive contrivance, whatever it may be, is the foot of Ferry Street, Buffalo, where the current is something terrific. About one-half mile above this point the river begins in the outpour of the broad waters of Lake Erie, and it is the tremendous pressure of this great body through this sole narrow outlet that forms such a powerful current. The river at Ferry Street is about half a mile wide, and is very deep. The distance from the head of the river at Lake Erie to the Falls of Niagara is twenty-eight miles. There appears to be no restriction placed upon the



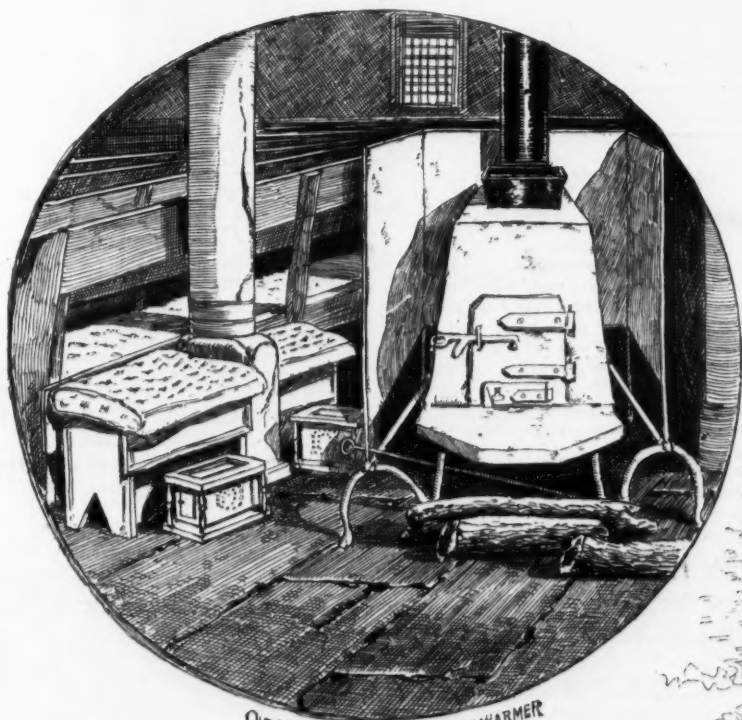
THE BOWNE HOUSE



THE KITCHEN FIREPLACE



FAMILY ROOM



OLD WOOD STOVE AND FOOT WARMER



THE QUAKER MEETING HOUSE

LONG ISLAND.—HISTORIC BUILDINGS AND PICTURESQUE RELICS OF THE OLD TOWN OF FLUSHING.

SEE PAGE 58.

inventors to prevent them from using the entire length of the river in the application of their plans.

The people of Buffalo are jubilant over the proposition, and the business men are anxious to have the matter pushed as rapidly as possible, as it is the opinion of many competent engineers that there is power enough in the river to drive every wheel in Buffalo and adjacent towns, thus doing away with the smoke nuisance, the dangers arising from the use of steam, and innumerable expenses and delays.

YACHT-SAILS.

THE canvas for yacht-sails (says the *Sun*) is woven from the best quality of cotton thread. While New England takes the lead in the manufacture of pretty nearly every other fabric, Baltimore turns out canvas unequaled elsewhere in the world, and the qualities that distinguish Baltimore canvas are evenness in the thread of which it is woven, and the firmness and solidity of the fabric as it comes from the loom. A yard of a thread of the wool at one end of a piece of the cloth is just like, as far as human measurement can determine, any and every other yard of the thread in the piece, and a square inch cut from the cloth at one end weighs exactly as much as any other square inch in it.

Canvas ordinarily sent out from the mills for merchant ships is in strips from 60 to 65 yards long, but when a piece is made for yacht-sails it must be from 100 to 150 or 160 yards long. The reason for this, as expressed by Captain Sawyer, is that "no butts are allowed in a yacht-sail." By this is meant that every strip of canvas in the sail reaches the full length of it. Every cloth in the *Mayflower's* new mainsail will reach from gaff to boom, for instance. In a merchant ship two pieces might be sewed together, end to end, and so made to serve as one cloth. The butt, as the sailmakers call the seam where the ends of cloths are sewed together, would spoil the looks of a yacht's sail. The odd pieces left at the end of a piece of cloth are used in making tarpaulins.

In ordinary yachts the canvas runs from No. 1 to No. 10, the first number indicating the heaviest quality of canvas. The strip of cloth is 12 inches wide. A yard in length weighs 18 ounces. But the canvas made to order for the *Mayflower* is of a heavier quality. Nothing would do but the best. It is woven 11½ inches wide, and weighs 19 ounces to the yard. The ordinary reader will probably be wholly unable to appreciate the difference which that one ounce of cotton makes in the thickness and solidity of the yard of cloth, but the sailors who have to gather that canvas on the boom this fall, particularly if it should get wet on a cold day, will think that they are furling something akin to a new grade of sheet steel. It is literally as stiff as a board, and it will shed water a good deal better than some boards. In spite of the size of the threads of which it is woven, it is, nevertheless, remarkably smooth. The thickest stock canvas being denominated No. 1, the manufacturers have named this grade No. 0. But one other yacht-sail has this grade of canvas in it, and that is the mainsail of the pride of Bay Ridge, the *Atlantic*.

On each side of the cloths of canvas, and one inch and seven-eighths from the edge, is a thread of blue cotton. These threads are to guide the sailmakers in taping one cloth over another when sewing two cloths together. A lap of one inch and seven-eighths is extraordinary, an inch and a half is common and one and three-quarters frequent, but to make the sail set as flat and as firm as a board this great lap is given. The fact is that 20 per cent. of the big sail will be double canvas. In a merchant schooner the canvas is woven wider, and at the seams the cloths lap never more than one inch and a quarter. One may get an idea, too, of the size and solidity of the sail from the fact that the extra ounce of cotton in the weight of a yard of the canvas makes a difference of 100 pounds in the weight of the sail. That is, 1,600 yards of canvas are used.

For the balloon sails the *Mayflower* uses what is called No. 12 duck. It is "3 grades lighter than what is ordinarily called balloon sail duck, but it is made with unusual care from the best cotton. The cloths for these sails are woven 30 inches wide and weigh 7 ounces per running yard, or a little less than one-fifth of the weight, measure for measure, of the thick canvas. They are just as thin as they can be, and yet have the strength to stand the strain of being pulled around the headstays of the big sloop.

It is for these light sails that a new stuff has been invented and put to use on the *Thistle* and the *Volunteer*. It is called silk canvas, but it is really silk and cotton mixed in the proportion of two fibres of cotton to one of silk. It is twisted up in such a way in the thread that the silk covers the cotton—parcels it, so to speak. When the stuff is woven up, the surface of the canvas is silk, and it is as smooth as glass. Picking it up in the hand makes one think he has got hold of handkerchief stuff. It is less than one-half as heavy as the duck ordinarily used, and that is something worth considering. Thus, a balloon jib will have perhaps 800 square yards of canvas in it. That would weigh 35½ pounds if made of duck; if made of silk it would weigh rather less than 150. There is a saving of 200 pounds in the weight that is pulling the yacht down by the head when the sail is set. Then, too, when the sail is set, two or three less men will have to go forward to handle it than if it were made of duck. This sending of men out on the bowsprit is what every yachtman hates to do in a race, and the fewer sent the better.

The new silk canvas is a French invention. It is woven in Paris. Although the French are not of much account as yachtmen, as nautical inventors they have always led the world. The British, as in the case of the silk canvas, have always been the first to utilize the French inventions. Laphorne, the English sailmaker, put in such large orders for the silk canvas, that he thought he would corner the market and so prevent any of it getting over to those blasted Yankees, don't you know, until after the *Thistle* had captured the *America's* cup. He even refused to let Mr. Burgess have a sample of the stuff, to see what it was like, but Mr. Burgess and Mr. Paine managed to get some in spite of trickery, and the *Volunteer* spreads a silk balloon as good as the *Thistle's*.

THE COUTTS-BARTLETT MARRIAGE.

THE New York *World's* London correspondent gives what purports to be the true story of the reasons which led to the remarkable marriage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts to Ashmead Bartlett, of Philadelphia. There never has been any satisfactory explanation of this marriage. The Baroness

was over sixty at the time of the wedding. The bridegroom was less than thirty. "I saw the two at the opera, the other night," continues the correspondent. "The Baroness is a stout, heavy-faced, German-looking woman, with a kind expression. Her brown hair shows as yet little signs of gray. She was dressed in black and wore a small, white lace cap on the top of her head. Her husband is a fresh-faced, young-looking man. He is a blonde, with regular features. His face is smooth-shaven, with the exception of a reddish-brown mustache. The husband and wife were accompanied by a very handsome-looking, slim, proud-looking brunette with bluish-black hair and the most lovely fresh complexion. She was in white, and gave but little attention to the husband of the Baroness. He was very attentive to his wife, paying her about the same devotion that an affectionate son would pay to his mother.

"I have heard that the explanation of this marriage is to be found in the reading of the will of the Duchess of St. Albans. This will provides that all of the great property of Coutts, the banker, which was left by him to his wife, the Duchess above mentioned, should descend to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, subject to the following conditions: If she married and her husband attached the name of Burdett-Coutts to his, then that would constitute him the heir in a direct line to his wife, and that in the event of her death and his subsequent marriage, if he still retained the name of Burdett-Coutts, the children of this second marriage would become the heirs, to the exclusion of any of the other relatives. It is said that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts fell out with her relatives, and that this marriage was simply the result of a well-considered plan to defeat by any possibility this great property ever going to any of them. It is said that the marriage that she has made with young Ashmead Bartlett is a marriage in mere name. She selected him on account of the belief that she herself would live for many years. She wanted a young man reasonably certain to outlive her and yet be young enough to marry again. When she dies, if he carries out the agreement already made with her, he will marry as soon afterwards as possible, so as to provide for a family of heirs which will cut off every one of her present relatives. The Queen, who used to be very friendly to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts on account of her charities, never approved of this marriage, and has not been on friendly terms with her since."

SUPPRESSING THE MORMONS.

A PETITION has been filed in the Federal Court at Salt Lake City looking to the suppression of the Mormon Church. The United States is prayed to disincorporate the said Church and wind up its business. The petition alleges that the property is valued at \$3,000,000, \$2,000,000 in real estate and \$1,000,000 in personal property. It sets forth the law of Congress prohibiting any Church from owning more than \$50,000 worth of property, and the sections of the Edmunds-Tucker law of 1887 providing for the disincorporation of the Church of Jesus Christ Latter-day Saints by proceedings as here instituted, and escheating its property to the United States for the benefit of the common-school funds of the Territory of Utah.

The petition asks the appointment of a receiver, and that all books, papers, etc., belonging to the Church, be turned over to him, together with all deeds, notes and property of every description. The Court set September 15th for a hearing of the petition, and ordered a subpoena issued to all parties interested to appear on that day and show cause why the prayer of the petition should not be granted.

FUN.

AS YET old Colorow can say, "No pent-up Ute taker contracts my powers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

PARIS eats forty-nine tons of snails every day. And yet there is nothing slow about Paris, either.

OLD GENTLEMAN—"Little boy, what do you suppose your pa would say if he caught you fishing on Sunday?" Little Boy—"Say? He wouldn't say nothin'!"

THE reporters are all writing the *Thistle* up; but one of these days we shall hear of *Thistle* down.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A REMARKABLE RECOVERY THAT HAS ADDED AN IDIOM TO THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

IN Wheeling, W. Va., there is a colloquialism that is universally understood and almost hourly used. It is heard on the streets when friends meet, and at the railroad stations and steamboat landings when citizens return home: "Can this be Mrs. Kelley?" The episode which these words recall is a touching one. Mrs. Kelley is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. James Hornbrook, and during the Civil War she was a Florence Nightingale in the strongest, noblest sense. Her arduous labors broke down her health, and she became totally paralyzed from the hips to the feet. The trunk of her body was the seat of violent neuralgic pains. After many years of suffering she was brought to Philadelphia on a bed, enduring indescribable agonies in the cars. There she was placed under the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. STRANNEY & PALEN, then on Third Street, and now at 1329 Arch Street, in that city. Her home physician regarded her case as hopeless, and it appeared so to her Philadelphia doctors. But at the end of a few months she was restored to the use of her limbs, and at the end of a year was completely restored. She then returned home, married, and has enjoyed life ever since. And when her friends meet her they ask: "Can this be Mrs. Kelley?" A pamphlet giving full details of this and many other cures sent free on application.

MISTRESS (to new servant)—"We have breakfast generally about eight o'clock." New Servant—"Well, mum, if I ain't down to it don't wait!"

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.'S SHAVING SOAP. This firm has, for fifty years, made a specialty of the manufacture of Fine Shaving Soaps, and their goods are not only the recognized standard for excellence throughout the United States and British Provinces, but very largely abroad. Williams' "Genuine Yankee" Shaving Soap has been too long and favorably known to need commendation from us. "Williams' Travelers' Favorite Shaving Stick" we can unhesitatingly pronounce the most convenient, elegant and delightful article of the kind we have ever seen. It is simply perfection. We have tried it.

A BOTTLE of ANGIOTURA BITTERS to flavor your Lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine ANGIOTURA, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIGBERT & SONS.

A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A FAMOUS physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion, or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, or any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.

INVESTED \$1 AND GOT \$15,000.

HOW THE MONEY WAS DRAWN THROUGH THE NATIONAL PARK BANK OF THIS CITY.

A DISPATCH was received at the *Daily News* office stating that ticket No. 50,255 had drawn the \$150,000 prize in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, at New Orleans, on the 9th inst., and that one-tenth of the ticket, representing \$15,000 to the lucky holder, had been collected through the National Park Bank of this city.

A News reporter visited the banking house and asked Assistant Cashier De Baum whether they had collected the money on the lucky ticket. He had the books examined, and replied that the tenth part of ticket 50,255, which drew the \$150,000, had been received by them from Crane's Bank at Hornellsville, N. Y., for collection in the ordinary way of business. It was remitted by them to their New Orleans correspondent, and duly cashed by The Louisiana Lottery Company. The \$15,000, less a few dollars for commission, has been transmitted to Hornellsville, and is now in the hands of the lucky fellow who invested only \$1 and reaped as his reward \$15,000.

The officers of the National Park Bank had no knowledge as to who the fortunate possessor is. —*New York Daily News*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



Salt Rheum

My head and face were a solid mass of putrefaction, and my ears discharged offensive matter in large quantities. I had almost despaired of getting well. J. N. Perry, Potter Brook, Pa., said that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had cured him of

SCROFULA.

I resolved to try it. I had not used one bottle when I began to improve. I continued to use the Favorite Remedy, and am now well. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the greatest blood purifier I know of.—J. A. Parker, Sunderlandville, Pa. Mr. Chas. F. Owen, Ironville, N. Y., says: "I suffered intensely and for a long time from Salt Rheum. The eruption rapidly spread, causing my flesh to swell and crack. I preferred death to life in this way."

I WAS ENTIRELY CURED

by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. In the treatment of Scrofulous Ulcers, Sores, Glandular Swellings, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is far beyond any other alternative. It promptly and thoroughly restores healthful action to the affected organs, removes impurities from the blood, and so cures the many diseases that spring from a vitiated condition of the life current. Liver and Kidney diseases that yield to no other medicine are readily cured by this potent remedy.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; 6 for \$5.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

THAT BOY

never half cleans his feet, and tracks mud and dirt all over the house." Don't blame him too much; you know it's next to impossible to clean the feet on your door mat, even if you haven't had it long. Why don't you get a Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat, and stop the annoyance and dirt? Just one little scrape of the feet on that will make the shoes cleaner than you can get them on any other mat, and then it's always neat and clean, and don't wear out. Just try one, and save your temper and carpets—and your back too. Write for circular to

HARTMAN STEEL CO., Limited, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

140 Congress St., BOSTON; 88 Chambers St., NEW YORK; 103 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

THE METROPOLITAN CONSERVATORY,

The leading American School of Music. The following gentlemen comprise the Faculty: Dudley Buck, Samuel P. Warren, Harry Rowe Shelley, Dr. L. A. Baralt, H. W. Greene, Chas. Roberts, Jr., Walter J. Hall, C. B. Rittenber, D. L. Dower, C. B. Hawley, J. A. Russell, August Dupin, G. B. Penny. Every possible advantage is offered both in class and private teaching. Over 200 applicants last year. H. W. Greene, C. B. Hawley, Directors. 21 East 14th St., New York.



Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of Skin and Blood Disease from

PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

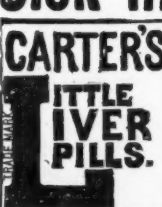
Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

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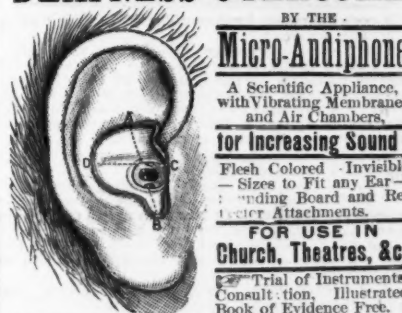
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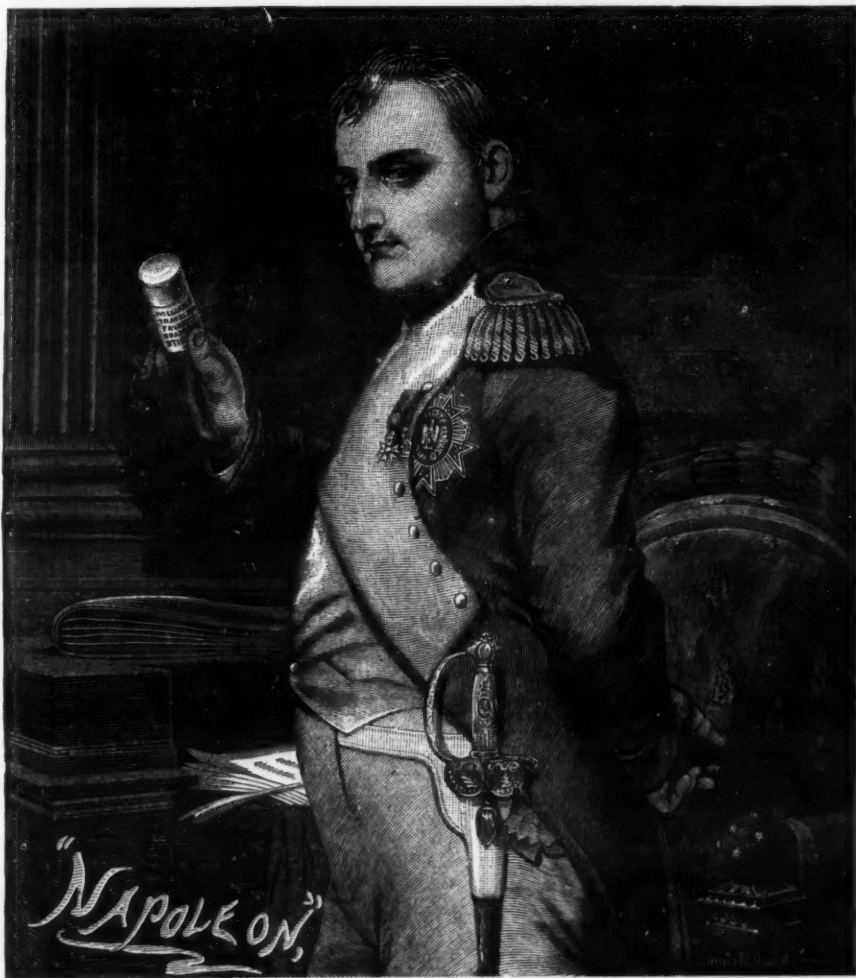
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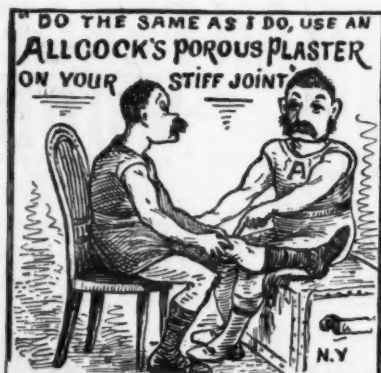
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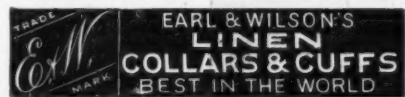
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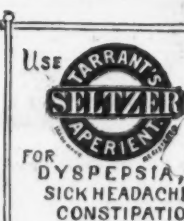
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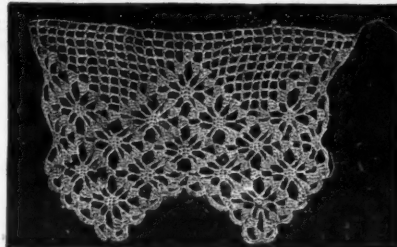
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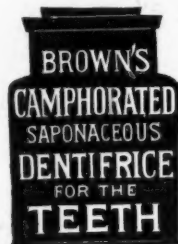
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